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GOLF BALLS

LETTERS

Goldfine for What?

Sir:
A splendid report in *TIME*, June 30 on the doings of Bernie Goldfine. It always pleases me like myself—whose income is slightly less than Bernie's 90-proof expenditures of last year—when such shaggy dogs are at least brought up for a lecture or two. Too bad Judge Wyzanski can't slap him in the jug with as much ease as my C.O. might be able to under the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

(SGT.) LAURENCE C. WINDSOR JR.
U.S.M.C.
Arlington, Va.

Sir:
You have done the nation a great service in your reporting on Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine. Actually, the behavior of Mr. Goldfine is in no better taste than that of other well-known immigrants who have peopled the underworld, and his ready access to the number two man in our Government is keenly resented by the millions of little people whose only contact with big Government is a vote every four years.

E. W. SCHMIDT

Pecos, Texas

Sir:
Mr. Adams was our Governor, and he is a man of great honesty and integrity. The reputation of this John Fox leaves one much in doubt. Only political jealousy of Mr. Adams' high ethics could allow such vicious accusations to be used against him.

MARY SHARMAT

Berlin, N.H.

Sir:
I'm for an Assistant to the President who is never imprudent and never makes mistakes. Of course he'll have to be someone who does nothing.

BERT HANDY

Rochester, N.H.

Sir:
Bernard Goldfine for President.
M. D. AZERDO

Rio de Janeiro

Masters at the Louvre

Sir:
It is a relief to see the magnificent and inspiring art works of the Louvre after so much of the modern abstract trash. I wish you would reproduce more of man's great achievements that inspire rather than disgust.

MORTIMER H. SLOTNICK
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir:
We are rather surprised to read in *TIME*, June 30 that Leonardo da Vinci's *Virgin of the Rocks* is in the Louvre. This painting is usually regarded as being the finest example of Da Vinci's work in this country.

R. BEAMISH
H. KASHA

London

¶ Both London and Paris proudly show an authentic *Virgin of the Rocks* by Leonardo. The version in London's National Gallery is a later one, may have been painted in part by the master's assistants, Evangelisto and Ambrogio da Predis.—Ed.

Sir:

TIME's reproductions of various Louvre masterpieces, with the usual glowing tributes to the great masters, raise this question: Why does no one ever dare point to the incredible ineptitude displayed by painters who clothe their Bible-era subjects in contemporary Italian Renaissance costumes? Are critics as charitable to painters of the 1930s who produced a crucifixion scene with Roman soldiers in U.S. paratrooper garb and with either Mary in a sack dress with a poodle haircut?

E. H. LEONI

New York City



"FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"

¶ For the way one contemporary British artist views the Holy Family in modern dress, see Arthur Fretwell's *Flight into Egypt*, one of five pictures he painted for the Anglican church of St. Mary the Virgin in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, England.—Ed.

SIR:

MANY THANKS.

GERMAIN BAZIN
(Conservateur-en-Chef
du Musée du Louvre)

PARIS

No Fun at the Fair

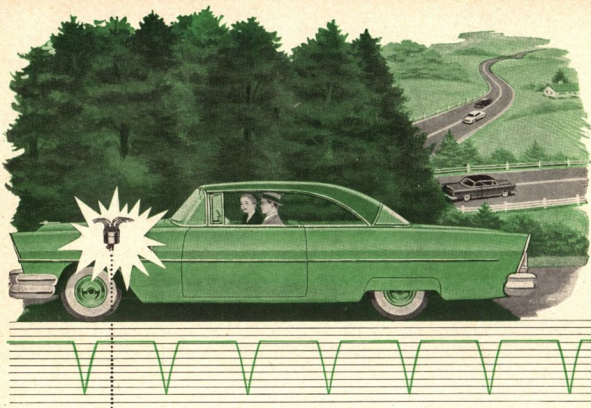
Sir:
Having returned from Brussels, we too were much disappointed with the American exhibit [June 30]. With the most beautiful building in the most beautifully landscaped setting, and with a basically sound theme—it's too bad that we Americans are giving the world an Eastside New Yorker's conception of "How America Lives."

CARLYLE E. ANDERSON

Evanson, Ill.

Sir:

The American Pavilion is the most beautiful of all—in architecture and arrangement as well as the exterior and interior. However, the art exhibit has disappointed me. Since it was expected to present some abstract canvases, was it necessary to present so many to the exclusion of others? Neither the masses nor the cultured (except for some exceptions who call themselves avant garde) understand



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these cubes, circles and dabs of color that signify nothing.

A. COPPENS

Brussels

Sir:

Our exhibit is a nostalgic presentation of old Ike buttons, old Western tumbleweeds and old newspapers. I suggest that about 50% to 80% of the artistic, nonsensical exhibits be taken out and replaced with exhibits that have some meaning to the average workaday visitor.

ROBERT J. SPIEGEL

Brussels

Sir:

Why didn't Americans and their Congressmen take a bigger interest in the proceedings in our Pavilion before it opened—instead of finding fault when it is too late?

MAIO OWEN

Washington, D.C.

Good Can Look Bad

Sir:

Your published list of crime rates [June 30] shows Los Angeles leading all cities. It is said that much of our crime is due to narcotics. Los Angeles probably needs national attention on a federal level because it is the entering gateway of narcotics traffic from both Mexico and Red China.

ROBERT L. MARSH, M.D.

Glendale, Calif.

Sir:

Your list concerning uniform crime rates of cities is unfair to Denver. The rates probably were computed by applying 1957 crime statistics to the 1950 population. Denver's 1950 population was 415,786, and 1957 was 517,700. Why not publish real rates?

JOSEPH F. DOLAN

Denver

TIME should have pointed out that for all cities listed the FBI used 1957 crime figures and 1950 census figures.

—Ed,

Sir:

Might not a high crime rate indicate a better job of detection and reporting of crimes on the part of a city rather than

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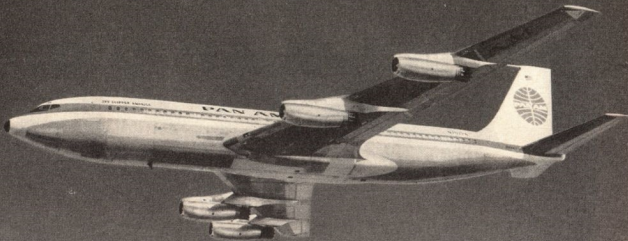
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TIME
July 21, 1958

Volume LXXXI
Number 3

TIME, JULY 21, 1958

6½ MAGIC HOURS TO EUROPE

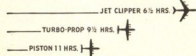


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FLYING HOURS NEW YORK TO EUROPE



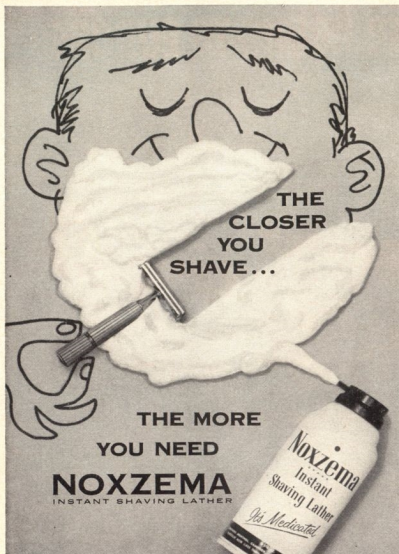
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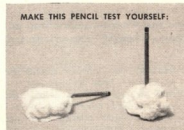


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the actual rate of crime (which can never be totally uncovered)? Perhaps Los Angeles' rate is high because the police department is doing a good job.

DAVID TATHAM

Syracuse, N.Y.

Pioneer Psychoanalysts

Sir:

Your article dealing with Otto Rank and Sigmund Freud struck a responsive chord. Believing that Freud erred when he stressed sex and the Oedipus complex, this institute has for some time been conducting a special research project on self-love as the basic motivational factor in human behavior and in all animal life. Whether it is a human being or a cat or a crocodile, there is always one primary symptom, self-love.

WILLIAM F. BURKE JR.

National Psychiatric Reform Institute
Altamont, N.Y.

Sir:

The excellent presentation of some of the basic tenets of Alfred Adler [June 30] might leave a false impression—namely, that there are no training facilities for professional personnel in the theory and practice of individual psychology. Counseling and psychotherapy services, programs for the laity and professional training programs are being carried on in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

M. DAVID RIGGS

Los Angeles

On the Other Hand

Sir:

TIME's Cinema section commented on a *Variety* blurb that quoted Psychiatrist Martin Grotjahn on the subject of horror films. I prepared the original release on Dr. Grotjahn's views and was most disturbed by *Variety*'s distortion of them, and the no doubt well-intended compounding of the error in your sparkling, Swiftian flick department which averred that Dr. Grotjahn "thinks that *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *Blood of Dracula*, etc., provide a means of self-administered psychiatric therapy for America's adolescents." But the original release continued: "But while the terror film has therapeutic values, Dr. Grotjahn warned that it could make the sick adolescent even more sick than he is—he may become addicted to horror movies. In the case of younger children, the psychiatrist cautioned that they are so near . . . to believing in the actual existence of witches, monsters and the like, that the horror film could only have harmful effects."

WILLIAM PETER BLATTY

University of Southern California
Los Angeles

Birds & Pigeons

Sir:

Your article "They've Got a Secret" claims that the entertainment "birds" who refused to answer House Un-American Activities Committee questions are behind the times. TIME is behind the times. Refusing to answer questions about one's politics—especially after Hungary and Korea—doesn't make one "a Communist or fellow traveler"; it does suggest an appreciation for our brand of democracy, which guarantees freedom of speech. It also suggests that these particular "birds" didn't want to be stool pigeons.

BORIS BURKE

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Well, well. All these men holding backstage jobs on TV and radio. No wonder the output is so often Commie slanted.

W. HAUGH

New York City



Storm warnings...and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WHEN a sailor encounters rough seas, he will, if possible, seek refuge in the nearest sheltered cove . . . and stay there until the storm has spent its fury.

Those who have high blood pressure, or hypertension, should also steer away from emotional "storms" or upsetting situations. In fact, doctors advise their hypertensive patients to spend as much time as possible in surroundings that help ease daily tensions.

This is important because sustained tension tightens up the body's smallest blood vessels and the heart must work harder to pump blood throughout the body.

According to recent estimates, high blood pressure affects about five million Americans . . . and it is a major cause of

heart trouble in middle age and later years.

Fortunately, treatment for it has steadily improved. Several new drugs, for instance, are bringing relief to many thousands of patients today.

These drugs, however, do not cure the condition. They must be used under close medical supervision, as the doctor has to study each individual case . . . and decide which drug or combination of drugs can be used safely and effectively.

Control of high blood pressure depends, to a considerable extent, upon what patients do about their health. Most patients who are careful about weight control, diet, relaxation, rest—and who have periodic medical check-ups to guard against possible

complications—can live long, comfortable and useful lives.

The best way to help avoid heart disease due to high blood pressure is to detect and treat hypertension when it first appears, often in the late 30's or early 40's.

So, everyone should have regular health examinations—especially those who are overweight and those who have a family history of hypertension.

Remember that everyone's blood pressure goes up and down in response to various situations we meet daily. Don't worry if yours is temporarily high, especially during times of stress. Only when blood pressure frequently goes above normal, or stays there, is there cause for concern.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Beacon & The Flame

In the shadow of Ottawa's National War Memorial one morning last week, three little Canadian boys gravely examined the card on a wreath just placed there by a visitor from the U.S. "What's it say?" asked one. An older passer-by read it for them. "It says," said this man, "the President of the United States."

Then he added quietly: "Bless his heart." Dwight Eisenhower's first Canadian visit in five years drew few such baldly emotional responses from Ottawans, who take a certain capital dwellers' pride in public impassivity before distinguished guests. But as the three days of speechmaking, banqueting and wreath laying wore on, one thing became clear: they liked Ike. Canadians esteem forthrightness. And the rankling, remediable grievances between good neighbors Ike discussed with a reasonableness and a courage unmistakable to his hosts (see *HEMISPHERE*). With his frankness, the President opened a new corridor of cordiality in U.S. relations with its next-door neighbor to the north.

Eighteen hours after flying back to Washington, the President was saying goodbye to another good-will ambassador, headed for Central America: his

younger brother, Milton S. Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins University and an experienced hand in Latin American affairs.

In a world sick with dark quarrels and deadly stratagems the friendly mission of the Ambassadors Eisenhower glowed beacon bright. But when the world arose after the Sabbath for another week of work, the bright rays were already obscured. Nasserist flames had burst out with explosive violence in Iraq, most friendly and most prosperous of the West's Arab neighbors in the Middle East; King Feisal's government had been thrown down, its stout-hearted leaders were either dead or defeated refugees, and Nasserism were in control. President Eisenhower sat down with the National Security Council to study one more crisis in the grim and ceaseless march of history.

INVESTIGATIONS

On the Stand

By last week Boston Real Estate and Textile Operator Bernard Goldfine had become far more of a Washington attraction than his good friend, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams. Tourists nudged one another and gawped as he swept through hotel lobbies with his en-

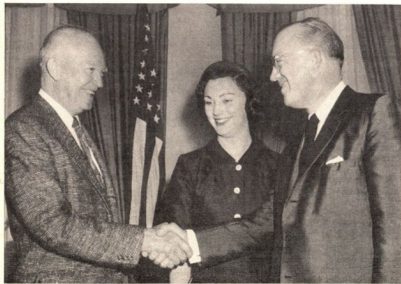
tourage. Reporters and TVmen jumped at the beck of his pressagents any time of day or night. Seasoned politicians of both parties swallowed nervously every time he dropped a new political name. And behind the guarded gates of the White House, the President's staff read the news tickers in continuing wonderment to see what manner of man this was for whom Staff Chief Adams had vouched as a close personal friend.

The Peepers. Goldfine's pressagents got the week off to the wildest of Marx Brothers starts. In charge was one Jack Lotto, modestly describing himself as "a former ace reporter for the I.N.S.," who set up shop in a three-room Sheraton-Carlton press headquarters. The headquarters featured free whisky and "Press Receptionist" Bea Duprey, a toothsome Boston model who seemed mostly interested in making sure reporters got her measurements right (35-22-35). In a ridiculous midnight affair, Lotto & Co. soon caught a couple of snooper listening in with a microphone and a tape recorder from the room next door.

Caught in the eavesdropping act: Jack Anderson, a legman for Newsweek Columnist Drew Pearson, and Baron (name, not title) Ignatius Shacklette, chief investigator for the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight and a veteran congressional shamus. Next day the House subcommittee fired Shacklette (but Pearson kept Anderson on, saying: "I need him"). Then, the Goldfine entourage, hastened by a belated report from Goldfine's secretary, Mildred Paperman, that her room had been rifled of important documents, moved out of the Sheraton-Carlton amid much tub-thumping and hoopla, took up new quarters across K Street in 19 rooms (\$1,000 a day) at the Statler.

Close to Contempt. The greater the attention, the more B.G. seemed to thrive—even though investigators were closing in relentlessly on details of shadowy business and political connections (see *box next page*). Settling back in the witness chair for his second week before House investigators, Goldfine played to the gallery, shouted give-'em-hell answers when provoked, slipped and dodged among questions, refused to discuss most of his fast-shuffle business affairs—and came perilously close to a contempt citation. During the committee give-and-take, Goldfine:

❑ Swore that neither Sherman Adams nor other public officials had received any of



Associated Press

DWIGHT & MILTON EISENHOWER (WITH MILTON'S DAUGHTER RUTH)
Missions of friendship in a world of dark quarrels.

the \$776,000 in mysterious treasurer's and cashier's checks bought by his companies since 1941 and still uncashed as of last May 7.

¶ Admitted that since May 7—about the time that committee investigators hit his trail—he had redeposited \$395,572 worth of the checks in his company bank accounts, declared that another \$209,671 worth had “never been used,” that neither he nor Mildred Paperman could explain what had happened to an additional \$89,000 worth of checks drawn in the 1940s. The bank, said Miss Paperman blandly, has “made mistakes in the past, and these can be an error.”

¶ Told the committee that it was none of its business why and how he used the enormous sums in treasurer's and cashier's checks.

¶ Raised the tab on the amount of hotel bills that he had picked up for Sherman Adams and family from a previous \$2,000 to a total of 21 hotel visits costing \$3,006.56—carefully claimed as business expense on his tax returns.

¶ Admitted paying hotel bills of \$675 for Maine's Republican Senator Frederick Payne, of \$340 for New Hampshire's Republican Senator Norris Cotton,* and of \$182 for New Hampshire's Republican Senator Styles Bridges. “I met quite a few Senators in hotels in my day.”

¶ Rose to his most dramatic moment when Illinois Democrat Peter Mack, out of the blue, asked if it was not true that Goldfine had once been indicted for concealing assets in a bankruptcy case. As it turned out, the case dated from 1909, when Goldfine was 18 years old, and even then it had been dropped by the prosecutor. Cried Bernard Goldfine: “I'm just not going to have anybody come down here and blackmail Mr. Goldfine.” After the exchange, Committee Chairman Harris ordered it stricken from the record.

¶ “That's My Business.” For a few moments, Mack's charge made something of a martyr of Goldfine, but he did not wear well in that character, was soon dodging and blustering again. Next day California Democrat John Moss was needing Goldfine about having charged off the Bridges, Payne and Cotton hotel bills to business expenses. Replied Goldfine heatedly: “If you are going to discuss bookkeeping and what auditors do, then I think you ought to get my auditor down and see.”

Moss: I think . . .

Goldfine: Just a minute.

Moss: I will not wait just a minute. I am . . .

Goldfine: That's too bad.

Moss: I am not asking you to respond now. Will you be silent?

Chairman Oren Harris: That is out of

* Who tells of a favorite Goldfine gambit, Goldfine liked to invite a Senator or other bigwig to his Boston office, then pick up a telephone, call one of his good customers and say: “Bennie, you know who's sitting right here at my desk—Senator Norris Cotton, an old friend of mine . . . Say hello to Bennie, Norris.” At which point, Goldfine hands the phone over to his distinguished visitor, who is supposed to say something agreeable like “Hello, Bennie, glad to know you.”

THE GOLDFINE PRESSAGENTS FORGOT In New England, Pols, Dummies & Deals

HIS friendship with Bernard Goldfine, testified Staff Chief Sherman Adams before the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight last month, was “not a casual one nor one of recent origin.” It was because he knew Goldfine so well that Adams was willing to vouch for him as “an upright and honest citizen, trustworthy and reliable.” Whether Goldfine actually fits that description, whether he is the sort of businessman from whom public officials can accept gifts without having to return favors, remains the central issue in the Adams-Goldfine case despite distracting Goldfine pressagency. Last week Time reporters, conducting dozens of interviews and digging through musty court records throughout New England, reported on some of Goldfine's many visible business operations.

From their reports, Bernard Goldfine is far from the openhanded savior of New England industry that he professes to be. Instead, the picture that emerges is that of a man with:

1) a marked talent for easing in and out of companies through dummy organizations and straw men.

2) a phenomenal record of litigation behind him, including at least 89 lawsuits in the Boston area alone.*

3) a habitual disregard for federal and state regulations designed to protect investors and buyers of textiles, including regulations calling for company financial reports, and

4) a fast-running stable of big and little politicians who are indebted to him—and who rarely fail to come to his aid when he needs help.

Specific Goldfine case histories:

Northfield Mills. This mill, with 170 to 200 employees, in Northfield, Vt. (pop. 2,262), is owned by Goldfine but bossed by long distance by Goldfine Secretary Mildred Paperman. In November 1950 the Vermont secretary of state dissolved Northfield's charter because the company had refused to file an annual report. Northfield was reincorporated in 1952.

On June 25, 1952, Northfield received a letter from the Federal Trade Commission charging the company with mislabeling its products. A similar letter came on Dec. 12, 1952, still another on June 10, 1953. Goldfine testified before the House subcommittee that he thought Northfield had settled the FTC complaint then “with the correction of our labeling practices.” But Goldfine's son, H. Maxwell Goldfine, talking to a Time correspondent a few weeks before his father's testimony, had another version of how the hoped-for

settlement was sought. He blamed Einiger Mills, Inc., a Goldfine competitor, for prompting FTC complaints. A lawyer named Lester Lazarus, continued “Mack” Goldfine, had done some of the work for Einiger. The Goldfines solved this problem by hiring Lazarus for the Goldfine legal team. The lawyer then went to work on settling the FTC complaint. Lazarus, said young Goldfine, made several trips to Washington, where he entertained FTC people “at least a couple of times a week.” Concluded Mack Goldfine: “You can't see people a couple of times a week and wine and dine them without expecting to get at least some consideration.”

Even so, the settlement came unstuck—and another letter, dated Dec. 4, 1953, came from the FTC to Northfield, charging mislabeling. This letter so bewildered Bernard Goldfine, said he in sworn testimony, that he took it to his friend Sherman Adams to find out what it was all about. Adams then called FTC Chairman Edward Howrey, received in return a memo from Howrey that passed on advice on how the matter might be settled.

Lebandale Mills. New Hampshire's Republican Senator Norris Cotton has a 10% interest in this mill in Lebanon, N.H., controlled by Goldfine. Cotton's law firm, from which he still draws an annual salary, has represented both Lebandale and Lebanon Woolen Co., another Goldfine mill, for many years. In Lebanon, Cotton lives in a Goldfine-owned house at 4 Abbot Street, pays \$75-a-month rent.

Last week Bernard Goldfine swore that Cotton had not represented him as a lawyer since going to Congress in 1947. Yet, in at least one instance, Norris Cotton still does represent Goldfine. The instance is that of the Rogers Hotel in Lebanon. Goldfine is the real owner of the Rogers. In 1943, Cotton negotiated the purchase of the hotel as a front for Client Goldfine, oversaw the title search and made the option payment from his personal bank account. Goldfine repaid Cotton for the option, but it was still necessary for Cotton to take final title to the hotel. As far as the public record is concerned, Cotton still holds the title, although he says he has filed with Goldfine a letter stating that he was Goldfine's agent in buying the hotel and would turn the property over to Goldfine or to Lebandale Mills whenever desired. Fifteen years later, the transfer has still not been desired.

In 1956, when Goldfine's East Boston Co. got in trouble with the Securities and Exchange Commission, Senator Cotton called the SEC's general counsel into the office of New Hampshire Senator Styles Bridges to put in a good word for Goldfine. Also present: Goldfine's old and great

* Including a \$275 suit by a mason who repaired his house, had Goldfine's Lincoln seized by court order. Goldfine settled.



FRED PAYNE



NORRIS COTTON



JOE PERLEY



JOHN STEELMAN



JOHN McCORMACK

friend, Maine's Republican Senator Fred Payne. Payne has admitted receiving vicuña coats and hotel hospitality from Bernard Goldfine. And last week to a TIME reporter he confirmed a rumor that had received considerable currency around Washington: in 1952, Goldfine had advanced Payne \$3,500 of the \$5,000 needed for down payment on the purchase of Payne's \$22,500 home in Hillcrest Heights, Md. The \$3,500 came in the form of a loan; it has not been repaid, although Payne says he plans to make the loan good to Goldfine when he sells the house—"or before."

Mascoma Mill. This mill, also in Lebanon, is presumably another Goldfine property. In 1955, Textron Inc., then Mascoma's owner, served notice that it planned either to dismantle or sell Mascoma. Into the picture stepped Lebanon's First Selectman Joseph Perley, another Goldfine friend; Perley was a prime civic mover in reducing local taxes on Goldfine local properties, with the result that Lebandale Mills, listing assets of nearly \$1,000,000, paid only \$2,528 in town taxes last year. Perley said he knew of an Ohio textile firm that would buy Mascoma—although he declined to reveal its name. The Ohio firm never showed up. The county records show that Joe Perley himself bought Mascoma Mill from Textron on May 2, 1955 for \$65,000.

But the records show little else. So far as they are concerned, Perley is still the owner. He says he sold Mascoma to Goldfine within a day or two after his purchase. Asked if he has records to verify the transaction, he disappears into a side office, stays for half an hour, returns empty-handed. Then he says that a Concord attorney handled the deal. The Concord lawyer denies it. Then Perley says that a Boston lawyer handled it. The Boston lawyer denies it. Questions: Who does own Mascoma Mill—and why the mystery?

Brucemark Inc. & Wilton Woolen Mills. On Nov. 18, 1955, a paper firm named Brucemark Inc. purchased the Wilton Woolen Mills of Wilton, Me. Partners in Brucemark: Robert C. Baker and Bernard Goldfine. Wilton Woolen has been in receivership since last February, just last month was put up at public auction. Buyer of the Wilton Woolen Building: Bernard Goldfine, for \$35,000.

Baker (through his wife) has sued

Goldfine. Baker's charge: in 1955 he was approached by Goldfine, who asked him to invest \$150,000 toward buying a mill. Goldfine refused to name the mill, saying it was a "hush-hush" deal. In return for his investment, says Baker, Goldfine promised Baker a \$30,000-a-year job as his administrative assistant. Baker put up the \$150,000—but says he never got any of the salary from Goldfine. Baker claims that Goldfine actually controlled Wilton Woolen even before Bruce mark bought it. He says that Wilton Woolen was a losing proposition, and Goldfine wanted to cut his losses. Baker charges that Goldfine duped him into paying, through Bruce mark, \$150,000 to buy Wilton Woolen stock already owned by Goldfine.

The Boston Common Garage. In May, 1946, Goldfine's good friend Democratic Governor Maurice Tobin pushed through the Massachusetts legislature a bill enabling Boston to give an option to prospective builders of a vast garage under Boston Common. On July 2, Motor Park Inc., with plans already in hand for a 3,500-car garage, was incorporated, with Goldfine Business Partner William MacDonald as president. Within a few days, on July 10, Boston's Democratic Mayor James Michael Curley, another dear Goldfine friend, without consulting the city planning commission or putting the project up for bids, gave Motor Park Inc. the exclusive option to build the Boston Common garage. The man with the money behind Motor Park Inc.: Boston's Bernard Goldfine.

Goldfine stood to make plenty. He already had owned a small building facing Boston Common. In June he bought another. In July he bought still another: the Little Building, one of Boston's biggest. If the Boston Common garage was built, the value of all these properties figured to soar.

But there was a pesky problem of financing the garage—and it had still not been solved in 1950. The garage promoters hit on the bright idea of selling its virtues as an atomic bomb shelter. On June 21, 1950, Massachusetts Democratic Governor Paul Dever and Boston's Democratic Mayor John Hynes, both old Goldfine friends, visited the White House to ask President Truman for Reconstruction Finance Corp. help in building the garage-bomb shelter. Next day, on June 22, Massachusetts' Democratic Represent-

ative John McCormack, one of the best Goldfine friends of all, publicly announced that President Truman was intensely interested in the civil defense aspects of the Boston Common garage.

Truman's interest took visible form. Within a week, John Steelman, then one of President Truman's closest advisers, moved into action. A June 30 entry in the diary of RFC Commissioner Walter Dunham read: "Mr. John Steelman, White House, telephoned. Said the President had requested him to call each director of the RFC regarding the garage to be constructed under Boston Common . . . Dr. Steelman also stated that the study of the situation revealed that conditions would justify extreme interest on the part of the RFC." That same day, June 30, 1950, the RFC authorized a \$12 million loan to Motor Park Inc.

Things looked good. For the first time, Bernard Goldfine stepped out front as the man behind the garage scheme, throwing a huge party at Boston's Copley Plaza Hotel and proclaiming himself Boston's protector against atomic attack. But RFC had attached a hooker to its offer: it required Motor Parks Inc. to put up \$3,000,000 in listed, marketable securities as collateral. Goldfine either could not or would not raise the collateral. Therefore on Dec. 12, 1950, a remarkable delegation called on President Truman to urge that RFC relax its requirement. The delegation: Goldfine, Mayor Hynes, Governor Dever, Congressman McCormack and Maurice Tobin, by then Secretary of Labor. Result: no deal!—the Fulbright Senate investigating committee was already moving in on RFC scandals.

That left Goldfine in a spot. In 1951 his friend Governor Dever desperately tried to ram through the legislature a bill changing the rules of the state's lending institutions to permit them to buy Motor Park Inc. bonds. The move got nowhere, but Dever remained Goldfine's best bet. In 1952 Goldfine lent John Fox's Boston Post \$400,000 in return for supporting Governor Dever for reelection. Dever lost anyhow—and the garage under Boston Common was clearly a moribund project. By that time Goldfine had pumped an estimated \$500,000 into promoting it—but he managed to halve his losses by selling equally devious John Fox (TIME, July 7) about \$225,000 worth of the dead dog.

order. Mr. Moss, you may ask a question.

Moss: How you determine to pay your bills is your responsibility.

Goldfine: That's my business, not yours.

Moss: Yes, but you are subject to the same laws as the rest of us.

Goldfine: That remains to be seen.

Building a Record. No sooner had Goldfine blurted out his above-the-law self-appraisal than his Boston Lawyer Sam Sears jumped up, conferred hastily with Pressagent Lotto. Lotto went right to work, typed out a statement for Goldfine to deliver to the TV cameras after the subcommittee adjourned (in the statement Lotto misspelled his boss's name—"Goldfine"). The statement as edited by Goldfine: "What I meant was that after this thing is over, then I'll be able to tell whether I have been treated like everyone else—which is all I want. Certainly I did not mean to imply that I was above the law. No man is."

In fact, Bernard Goldfine even then had considerable reason for believing that the law might be closing in on him. The subcommittee was threatening a contempt citation against Bernard Goldfine for his refusal to answer questions and was patiently building a record to support such a citation.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Back from Russia

With a perfunctory acceptance of U.S. apologies, the Russians last week turned back the nine U.S. Air Force men whose C-118 (DC-6A) transport got lost in bad weather, was forced down just inside Soviet Armenia fortnight before. But the U.S. moved on from apology to strong protest when it heard the shocker in the airmen's report: their unarmed transport was shot down in an unprovoked attack by Soviet MIG interceptors.

The plane had just come out of a storm and was flying at 15,000 ft. when the interceptors showed up. Believing that he was still on the Turkish side of the Iron Curtain, the plane commander, Major Luther Lyles, thought they were Iranians or Turks, quickly changed his mind when they started firing. Lyles lowered his landing gear—"to indicate we were under their control"—and ordered everybody into chutes. Seconds later the MIGs made a second firing pass, set an engine and wing tank ablaze. Lyles gave orders to bail out, and five men did. Then he looked around for a place to set down, just made it to a 2,000-ft. Soviet air force emergency dirt landing strip. The MIGs followed the C-118 down. One of them made another firing pass when the transport was at 1,000 ft.—and missed.

"New York! Chicago!" Major Lyles and his three remaining crewmen leaped out of the burning plane, were soon rounded up by Soviet troops. But the five who had bailed out safely had a far rougher time. Hundreds of copper-skinned Armenian peasants swarmed around Relief Pilot Colonel Dale Brannon, Copilots Major Robert Crans and Major Bennie Shupe, first curiously, then aggressively



WIVES WELCOME SHOT-DOWN AIRMEN AT U.S. BASE IN WIESBADEN
"New York! Chicago! Pittsburgh! Kansas City! Kansas City!"

DPA—U.P.I.

hostile. The peasants marched them off toward a village, began slapping, kicking, hitting them, dug into their pockets for souvenirs as they loaded them into cars and trucks. The truck carrying Major Shupe stopped beside a telephone pole. One peasant threw a grass rope over a hook high on the pole. Said Shupe: "It sure looked like a necktie party was being organized. I had no doubt they were going to hang me."

Major Shupe began yelling "*Americano! Americano!*" No effect. But suddenly, from somewhere in the crowd, he heard the words "New York! Chicago!" Shupe threw his head back and shouted "New York! Chicago! New York! Chicago!" He shouted every U.S. place name he could think of—"Pittsburgh! Kansas City! Kansas City! Boston! Dallas! San Francisco!" And at last the peasants, who perhaps had thought that the airmen were their old enemies, the Turks, fell back. Just before the Soviet military police arrived one of the peasants offered Shupe a drink of water. "Don't ask me why," said he afterward, "I'll never know why those words worked."

Charge It. After that the Russian treatment of the nine men got better. They were flown to Baku, were interrogated frequently (the Air Force would not let the airmen disclose the Russian questions), were fed four times a day before their release ten days later. But when the Air Force men's reports were in, the State Department fired off a protest against 1) the MIG attack upon an unarmed U.S. transport, 2) the brutal mistreatment of the airmen by the Armenian peasants. Said State: "To suggest that a slow, four-engine propeller-type

unarmed aircraft would attempt to violate a heavily defended foreign area is preposterous."

But the Soviets were still not quite through. One day last week they handed the U.S. Government a bill for the cost of the food and housing of the nine airmen while they were in the U.S.S.R. The price tag: \$750.

Right to Travel?

"Even if an espionage agent walked in and asked for a passport, we'd have to issue it," said a State Department passport official after the Supreme Court held (TIME, June 30) that the Secretary of State has no statutory authority to deny passports on the basis of "beliefs" or "associations." Warning of just that kind of urgency, President Eisenhower last week sent a message to Congress requesting "clear statutory authority" for the Secretary to deny passports in the interest of national security. "Each day and week that passes without [this legislation] exposes us to great danger," and Secretary of State Dulles followed up with a draft bill providing that applicants could be denied passports if engaged in Communist "activities"—as distinguished from "beliefs"—within the past ten years, the denial to be subject to due process of appeal through the courts.

"The issuance of U.S. passports to [Communist] supporters facilitates their travel," said Dulles. "It clothes them when abroad with all the dignity and protection that our Government affords. Surely our Government should be in a position to deny passports to such persons?" Outlook for a passport bill in Congress: good.

THE CONGRESS

A Case of Assault

Swinging with accustomed wildness, the Senate Finance Committee last week assaulted one of President Eisenhower's three legislative "imperatives": the five-year reciprocal trade bill that the House had passed by a lopsided majority of 317 to 98 (TIME, June 23). In a surrender to tariff-lobby pressures and isolationist propaganda, the committee:

❑ Slashed the bill's time span from five years to three, and the President's maximum tariff-cutting authority from 25% to 15%;

❑ Provided that the President cannot overrule Tariff Commission recommendations for higher tariffs unless majority votes in both houses of Congress back him up;

❑ Broadened the definition of "national security" to include "economic welfare," making it possible for just about any industry, even makers of beer mugs or rhinestones, to claim that its profit position is vital to the U.S.'s security.

Eight Finance Committee irresponsibles voted for the major changes. The Democrats: New Mexico's Clinton Anderson, Delaware's J. Allen Frear, Oklahoma's Robert Kerr, Louisiana's Russell Long, Florida's George Smathers. The Republicans: Indiana's William Jenner, Nevada's George Malone, Pennsylvania's Edward Martin. Often thought of as a blinkered old fogey, Virginia's Committee Chairman Harry Byrd, 71, rose to his responsibility by backing the House's version.

Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks, the reformed protectionist who has led the Administration's Capitol Hill campaign for the five-year bill, called the committee changes "unacceptable," vowed that the Administration would "fight to get the legislation that we think is to the benefit of this country." Due this week: a battle

on the Senate floor to repair at least some of the Finance Committee's damage.

On Capitol Hill last week:

❑ The Senate, jogged by the Goldfine hearings, dusted off and passed without debate an innocuous year-old House resolution setting forth a ten-point code of ethics for federal officials. A "sense of Congress" resolution with no legal force, the code urges officials to be loyal, hard-working, fair, clean as a hound's tooth.

❑ House Speaker Sam Rayburn kept the Senate-passed Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill "on the Speaker's desk," and thus ready for floor action under special committee-bypassing rules, despite insistent protests of the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that the bill ought to go through the normal committee channel. If sent to committee so late in the session, the bill would die there, and that is just what the N.A.M. and the Chamber want. Reason: they object to half a dozen minor Taft-Hartley revisions, e.g., requiring employers to report to the Labor Department all financial dealings with labor unions or labor officials. As for reforming unions, the bill is only "half a loaf," argues the N.A.M., apparently forgetting what half a loaf is proverbially better than.

CRIME

Muscleman's Money

Among the rich racketeers who commute to their showplaces in the western Chicago suburb of River Forest (pop. 12,500), none lives in higher style than Anthony Joseph Accardo, 52, top banana in the crime syndicate founded by the late Al ("Scarface") Capone. Tough Accardo's \$200,000 stone and concrete mansion, designed like a combination pleasure dome and pillbox, offers various conveniences: an indoor swimming pool, two bowling alleys, a pipe organ, a roof garden where strolling violinists play dinner-time waltzes, vast reception rooms, six master bedrooms, baths where the water flows from gold faucets, and—a special convenience to guests with an urgent sense of privacy—a walled-in parking lot protected from the eyes of reporters who like to look up license numbers. In his own bathroom the gang chief likes to loll in a \$10,000 tub carved from a single piece of Mexican onyx.

Labor Racket. Accardo, arrogant in café society suit and dark sunglasses, refused last week to tell the U.S. Senate labor-management investigating committee anything about his high standard of living, or how he keeps it. Testifying under subpoena, he set the style for six other professional gangsters who uniformly claimed that to talk at all would be to risk self-incrimination. Accardo let a total of 172 questions pass without answer. Samples: Where were you born? Do you operate your affairs to get control of unions? Do you have any scruples against killing? Do you have any respect for your government? Such a performance made a "mockery" of the Fifth Amendment, snapped Chairman John McClellan,

and he threatened the often-arrested but never-convicted Accardo with a charge of contempt of Congress.

By their usual methods, Chicago gangsters had tried to make everybody else equally untalkative. Their arsonists burned one restaurant whose owner was seen with committee investigators (TIME, May 26); other hoods threatened other prospective witnesses by visit and telephone. But silver-haired Donald Strang, for one, would not be terrified. Strang, 56, turned up to tell what happened when a mob-run local of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union stalked professional pickets around his Howard Johnson restaurant at suburban Niles (pop. 15,000) in 1952. Items:

❑ Husky, 24-hour-a-day pickets threw firecrackers under his nonunion (by choice) employees, menacingly bellowed out license numbers of customers' cars.

❑ Employees found their tires slashed, sugar in their gas tanks.

❑ Teamsters, paired once again with mobsters, refused to deliver food or haul away garbage.

❑ Dump keepers in the area, somehow warned, refused to accept the garbage when Strang bought a trailer to haul it away himself.

❑ The Chicago Restaurant Association, where Strang sought help in his fight against the union demand for payoff, turned out to be tied to the mob through Lawyer Abraham Teitelbaum, who secretly passed Strang's \$2,240 payment for legal fees directly to the union.

Questioned in the witness chair about mob-union connections, Teitelbaum tried to duck under the Fifth Amendment and the First, Sixth and Sixteenth. Back in River Forest, glued to their TV sets for the Chicago telecast of the hearings, Tony Accardo's neighbors began to catch a glimpse of how he earns his living.



Walter Bennett

MOB LAWYER TEITELBAUM
He took the 1st, 5th, 6th and 16th.



Walter Bennett

MOBSTER ACCARDO
He lolls in an onyx bathtub.

WHAT THE RUSSIAN GENERALS THINK

Beyond Atomic Holocaust the Reds See Victory

THE West's military leaders have long understood that their Soviet counterparts were thinking along lines quite different from postwar Western military thought. This difference was condescendingly put down to a time lag on the part of the Russians; they were believed frozen in the experience of World War II, unable to face the implications of the new nuclear weapons. This week, in a coldly penetrating study* of modern Soviet military doctrine, Russian-speaking Raymond L. Garthoff, 29, Defense Department analyst and specialist on Soviet military writings, enters a strong dissent. Since the death of Stalin in 1953, says he, Soviet military doctrine "has made a quantum jump from the bayonet age to the thermonuclear age."

This jump has not brought the U.S.S.R.'s generals closer to current U.S. military doctrine. It has in fact taken them in an independent direction. Garthoff, whose book is authoritatively studded with hundreds of references to Soviet military periodicals, backed up by personal conversations with Soviet officers, sums up the "Soviet image of future war" thus:

"The initial strategic strikes by modern jet bombers, intercontinental and intermediate range rockets and missiles, and submarine-launched missiles, will wreak devastation upon both the U.S. and the Soviet Union, and upon their chief allies. But does mutual devastation spell mutual defeat? The Soviets answer: no. The priority strikes will destroy the enemy's strategic air and missile bases insofar as these are concerned. Major cities and industrial centers, on a lower level of priority, will also suffer heavily. Radiological and bacteriological weapons may be used. But this enormous mutual destruction will probably consume the major portion of the respective long-range air and missile forces. Thus the efforts of these forces would in a sense cancel each other out."

"This is a crucial phase of the war, one which a weak or ill-prepared power could lose. But it is not the decisive stage of a war between well-prepared major powers; it does not determine the final outcome of the war between them."

"Tactical air power and rockets, those forces designated to attack the enemy's military forces up to roughly a 1,000-mile range from the starting borders, would similarly engage in mutual nuclear strikes. But here the Soviets do not see a mutual stalemate. The heart of such a capability is the ground forces—trained for nuclear war, armed with nuclear weapons—and here the war would begin with a serious imbalance: a preponderance of Soviet forces."

"Moreover, in the Soviet view, their mobilization and dispatch of ground forces would be much less critically disrupted than would ours by the nuclear exchange, due to their larger force-in-being and to its deployment. The surviving Soviet land armies are thus expected to be capable of defeating the proportionately weakened enemy forces on the ground."

"Thus the Soviets would strive to achieve at least a favorable 'draw' by occupying the Eurasian continent, and exploiting such resources as might still be available to restore some of the Soviet Union's losses. The shrunken and devastated Free World would be entirely relegated to the Western Hemisphere."

The First Hurdle. Predominant U.S. military imagination tends to stop at the point of reciprocal nuclear holocaust. Why does the Soviet imagination leap this hurdle? Through continued ignorance of the effects of thermonuclear



AUTHOR GARTHOFF

weapons? This can hardly be the explanation, now that the Russians have had years in which to test and ponder their own weapons. Garthoff suggests two other explanations:

1) "The massive military loss undergone by the Soviet Union in 1941, in a relatively brief span of time, was more comparable to the loss from a nuclear assault than anything else experienced by a great power in modern times. The Soviets lost from their control 40% of their population, 40% of their grain production, approximately 60% of their coal, iron, steel and aluminum output, and 95% or more of certain key military industries, such as ball-bearing production. They lost 4,000,000 soldiers, dead, wounded or prisoners, and over two-thirds of their tanks and aircraft." A nuclear holocaust would be worse, but Russia has survived a military disaster of the same order of magnitude—survived and won.

2) The U.S. military purpose is to "deter and defeat attack." Russian military objectives are shaped by a fundamental objective: "To advance the power of the Soviet Union in whatever ways are most expedient so long as the survival of the Soviet power itself is not endangered."

The Soviets do not see how they could occupy and/or control the U.S. But they do see how their conquest of all Eurasia would leave them at the end of the war in a position vis-à-vis the U.S. better than their present position. It is this vision not Nikita Khrushchev's present position. It is this vision that gives confidence to Russian spokesmen and drive to Russian diplomacy.

The Basis of Flexibility. Because the Russians see how they might fight a big war, it does not follow that a big war is what they want. There are other kinds of wars in which they might gain, with less risk to Soviet survival. They have not allowed nuclear weapons to overshadow conventional arms, and have thus retained their enormous superiority to fight non-nuclear wars, big or little. They say publicly that limited nuclear wars are impossible, but Garthoff believes they have, in theory and in practice, the capability of fighting these too.

The flexibility of the Russian theory may be illustrated by this difference: many Western military men believe that nuclear weapons in the hands of the infantry reduce the need for manpower because they increase firepower per man. This belief leads toward nuclear-armed ground forces so small that they could fight only nuclear war. But Russian generals believe that nuclear infantry weapons increase the manpower requirements because more soldiers will be needed to replace the heavier casualties. This leaves the Russians with large numbers of soldiers who can fight either nuclear or non-nuclear war.

Another difference is in civil defense. The U.S. has not even got around to thinking seriously about a nuclear shelter program. Garthoff is convinced that the Russians are taking the far more radical step of decentralizing their industry to minimize damage of nuclear attack. He thinks Khrushchev's program of industrial management decentralization is accompanied by physical decentralization for military purposes.

Soviet military theory may turn out to be wrong. But on Garthoff's showing, it is not backward. The Soviet generals have examined carefully the new weapons in the light of the political objectives set by their leaders. They think they know how to survive and how to expand. This gives confidence to their diplomats—who are today expanding Soviet power with less cost and less risk than actual war.

* *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age*; Praeger; \$4.50.

HOUSING New Foundation Needed

In an election-year splash of generosity, the Senate last week passed a \$2.5 billion omnibus housing bill, about \$1 billion bigger than the President requested. Piled atop the anti-recession housing program enacted earlier this year, the new measure (which the House will probably trim a bit) brought the Senate's total 1958 housing appropriation to a dizzying \$4.3 billion.

Federal housing programs have grown like suburbia in the quarter-century since Franklin Roosevelt proclaimed that "one-third of a nation [is] ill-housed." A structure so costly—taking in mortgage insurance, home-improvement loans, slum clearance, public housing, special programs for colleges, military posts, old people, veterans, farmers—requires clear definitions of its purpose and scope, but in mid-1958 the definitions are even hazier than they were in New Deal days. Federal housing programs seem to be founded on a feeling that better housing is A Good Thing—a worthy sentiment, but too vague, in itself, to serve as a national policy. Even a definition of "better" is lacking, so that federal funds often contribute to shoddy dwellings and future slums.

Badly needed is a joint effort by the Administration and Congress to decide just what national purposes federal housing programs are supposed to serve, and just how the programs should fit the purposes. But beyond this governmental responsibility lies a responsibility of the housing industry. The industry is composed of some of the U.S.'s ruggedest free enterprisers, who work toward a single purpose only when they want Government help. Next needed step: to promote improved housing in the U.S. in other ways besides handing out loans and grants, e.g., through research on housing materials, designs, construction methods, and potential markets.

OPINION

"The Hopeless Hope"

Midway in World War II a slight, intense Chinese woman delivered to the U.S. Congress a memorable plea that turned out years later to have been a timely warning. She was Shanghai-born, Wellesley-educated (class of '17) Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, First Lady of Free China. Her plea—lackadaisically met—was for more U.S. help for China to stave off disaster. One day last week Mme. Chiang, back in the U.S. from Formosa for medical check-ups, went to Ann Arbor to accept an honorary doctorate of laws from the University of Michigan, there delivered another timely warning that had fateful undertones. Its net: because of too much intellectual handwringing over the horrors of modern war, "freedom and the values of human dignity, which we were taught to cherish above all else, have begun to be secondary to biological survival."

"It is a tragedy," she said, "that some powerful minds have allowed themselves

to be enmeshed in arguments over means such as relaxation of tension, appeasement and finally slavery-better-than-annihilation, groveling in the hopeless hope that life would be spared them.

"These intellectuals . . . confuse the need for peace with survival at any cost."

"They nullify and perhaps unwittingly desecrate the principle of human dignity which has been the motivating force against tyranny."

"They are ignoring the fact that if total darkness should fall upon the world it would be they who have made the Communist conquest possible by destroying the will to fight. They would be achieving what Communist imperialism could never have hoped to achieve if the will to stand firm had been kept high."

That warning delivered, Mme. Chiang



Mme. CHIANG at ANN ARBOR
Is freedom secondary?

flew off to New Orleans to see an old friend and fellow freedom fighter whose sentiments were similar: Major General Claire Lee Chennault, 67, the old commander of the Flying Tigers, who is now fighting a tough battle against lung cancer in Ochsner Foundation Hospital. "I can't talk very well," said Chennault, sitting on the edge of his hospital bed. Said Mme. Chiang with a smile: "Well, you always talked too much anyway. I want to do the talking this time." And she added a final word to the old Flying Tiger that was applicable to them both. "You have that wonderful fighting spirit," she said. "You were never defeated—certainly not by the Japanese."

ARMED FORCES

Mystery Plane

Two crashes, less than 100 miles apart in Texas and New Mexico, last week put the spotlight on a military plane that the Pentagon tries not to talk about. The plane: the Lockheed U-2. Its mission: high-altitude reconnaissance. The U-2s,

flying out of Laughlin A.F.B. near Del Rio, Texas on separate missions, crashed within a 24-hour period, killing their pilots. Air police rushed in, set up roadblocks to screen both crash sites from view. The Air Force ruled out sabotage, tersely ordered the grounding of some 25 sister ships, and clammed up.

The U-2, a strange, ungainly bird, has been flying for two years. Single-seated, powered by one Pratt & Whitney J57 jet engine, it has a wing so long that outrigger wheels must support it on the ground. This configuration gives the U-2 little dash but great lift and good performance at 60,000 ft. and above.

Impressive altitude capabilities (details classified) and a respectable range (also classified) put the U-2 for hours at the fringe of space. There it flies beyond the reach of any known U.S. production plane—and presumably any effective Russian interception. One likely reason for Air Force secrecy: at its solitary height, the U-2 might cruise anywhere unmolested, casing the distant terrain through its all-seeing, cloud-piercing radar eye.

SEQUELS

Benched

Just seven months after John McClellan's Senate labor-management investigating committee tied him up with Teamster union racketeers (TIME, Dec. 30), Hamilton County Criminal Court Judge Raulston ("Turkey Neck") Schoolfield, 52, was kicked off his bench last week by the Tennessee senate acting as an impeachment court. The three-count conviction: 1) accepting a "gift" Pontiac from local racketeers, 2) using the bench for political purposes, 3) indulging in obscene language in court.

The 32 state senators failed to raise the two-thirds majority necessary to convict Schoolfield on 21 other charges, among them one for illegally protecting Teamster arsonists, set forth in the lower house's indictment. Nor could they muster the votes needed to bar him from ever again holding public office. But the voters of Hamilton County, in a primary held while the impeachment debate raged in Nashville, had rejected Schoolfield's bid for a new term, and after the impeachment verdict he announced voluntarily that he would never run again.

POLITICAL NOTES

Texas Knockdown

Undaunted by 100° heat, two slugging Texas Democrats mixed it up last week in the rousing, extravagant kind of party club fight Texans love.

In one corner, the titleholder: U.S. Senator Ralph W. Yarborough, 55, darling of the state's liberal Democrats ("Put the jam on the lower shelf where the little fellow can reach it"). Elected last year to fill out the unexpired term of Price Daniel, who left the Senate to run successfully for Governor, Ralph Yarborough now wants the full six-year term.

In the other corner: Multimillionaire

Contender William A. Blakley, 59 ("I want to be yawl's Senatuh"), anointed heir to the conservative Democrat legions of exiled ex-Governor Allan Shivers. Blakley was appointed by Shivers to warm the senatorial seat between Daniel's departure and the special election that put Yarborough in. After that 103-day stint he did not stand for election—probably on Shivers' orders. Probably at Shivers' request—and surrounded by ex-Shivers speech-makers and advisers—he is running now.

Yarborough's haymakers last week rained down in a crowd-pleasing attack on Blakley's bulging money belt. Blakley, charged Yarborough, is spending \$60,000 a day on the campaign, which has been enlivened by barbecues, hillbilly bands and beauty queens. "Seats are bought on the

labor. He dared Liberal Yarborough, who straddles the race issue, to get off the fence. "I challenge him," said Blakley in a resonant drawl, "to deny that funds for his past and present campaigns come from the same source as the funds which financed the attack on our public school system by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People."

By the old rules of the game, Yarborough should be far and away ahead in next week's Democratic primary because he is well known from four unsuccessful statewide campaigns prior to his election to the Senate. But Yarborough forces have grown unaccountably edgy as the primary nears, are alibiing in advance that a man with Bill Blakley's money could even buy an upset.



ARIZONA LIONS' CONTINGENT AT CHICAGO CONVENTION
And an extra big "Keep Smiling" button.

Chicago American

New York Stock Exchange." Yarborough told a statewide television audience. "Now we see an effort to buy one of Texas' seats in the Senate." Noting that Blakley is the largest single stockholder of Braniff Airways, Blakley told Texas peanut growers: "He has stated that he is opposed to federal subsidies for farmers—he is opposed to a subsidy for Braniff Airways?"

These thrusts stung Missouri-born Bill Blakley, who heaped his pile from nothing to an estimated \$200 million (he once drew a \$5,000,000 check) in Texas banking, oil, insurance and ranching. In the classic bob-and-weave, Blakley both deprecated his riches and boasted of them; after all, he said, his parents were poor and he was "earning a man's wage" at 14. Then he uncoiled some flickering jabs of his own.

Yarborough's campaign kitty, Blakley charged, is being fed by Eastern organized

ORGANIZATIONS

Roar, Lion, Roar

"Lions are the friendliest people," enthused Harvey ("They call me Cookie") Cook to his wife Harriett as they sipped bourbon and ginger ale in Chicago's Sherman Hotel last week. "Everybody has a name tag on him. You look and see the name and you greet him, say, 'How ya doin!'" Cook's extra big "Keep Smiling" button flashed gaily from his purple and gold vest; the 51-year-old utilities company employee from Beechview, Pa., considered how glad he was to be there, he and Harriett, hitting it off just great with 35,000 friendly people from all over the world. The occasion: 41st annual convention of Lions International, world's biggest and fastest-growing "service club."

Big Three roll calls on active members:
Lions: 580,000 (420,000 U.S.) in 13,848 clubs, 91 countries.
Rotary: 464,000 (269,171 U.S.) in 9,883 clubs, 110 countries.
Kiwanis: 252,042 (238,406 U.S.) in 4,504 clubs, U.S. and Canada.

The week got off to a big start with the parade, which stopped traffic cold in the Loop for four hours and a half. Maybe 12,000 people marched—some counted 46 floats and close to a hundred bands—but not one too many of those luscious-legged drum majorettes from such towns as Magnolia, Ark. and Kitchener, Ont. Later in the week the wives had plenty of time to spend money in the department stores. In between the boisterous, briefest business sessions, the men got to a big league game at Wrigley Field (Chicago Cubs 8, Pittsburgh Pirates 7). The kids danced to a big band in the Aragon Ballroom. In case anybody thought the recession was a problem, some of the members passed out buttons reading: LIFE'S WONDERFUL. SO'S BUSINESS.

Businessmen's Lunch. Purring through the crowd was the official Old Monarch himself, 70-year-old Melvin Jones, the man who, as some say, "got the ball rolling" in 1917, when he turned his Chicago businessmen's luncheon club into the founding chapter of Lionism, then quit selling insurance to spend the rest of his life organizing clubs. In those days the luncheon club was primarily a meeting place for businessmen who wanted to meet businessmen. Rotary's pin was reserved for the town's leading man in each line of business; second-ranking Kiwanis, later tagged "the grey flannel suit boys" by Lions, used "We Trade" as its motto and admitted only two members from each recognized local enterprise.

Old Monarch Jones opened his new club's rolls to anybody a chapter voted to invite, made community service rather than business the organization's avowed goal. Taking the noble lion as his symbol, Jones injected a cubbish mood by teaching the boys to sing such rousing tunes as the official *Roar, Lion, Roar* at almost any meal. Though many a Rotarian and no few Kiwanians would continue to frown down upon lively Lions, the Jones ideas infected the older clubs (the Kiwanis motto has been changed from "We Trade" to "We Build"), and the Lions thrived first in the U.S., then in Canada, Latin America and Europe.

"You Feel Good." The new Lions International president elected this week: Dry Goods Retailer Dudley L. Simms, 49, of Charleston, W. Va., who is also an active Mason, Shriner and Elk. West Virginia's Governor Cecil H. Underwood came up to watch the inauguration. Simms now starts twelve months of world travel, much of it north and south of the borders. For the first time ever, West European Lions were thick enough to get a man on the vice-presidency ladder: Per Stahl, 42, knifemaker from Eskilstuna, Sweden, who will, in the normal order of Lion growth, become president in 1961.

Any man who walked around the Loop last week could be sure that no matter where he found a Lion he would hear earnest talk like that of Beechview's Cook. "One human being helping another—that's Lionism," he said, while Harriett nodded. "Service to humanity—that's Lionism. It makes you feel good."

• Braniff has had no subsidies since July 10, 1957, when subsidies on its international routes were terminated.

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

Revolt in Baghdad

In the hot and restless Middle East, death alone is the one swift, sure way to bring change. Disaster struck there this week in classic fashion: an army coup, mobs in the streets, hired assassins, overthrow of the legitimate government. Death and revolution struck on a Monday morning in Iraq. Down went the pro-Western government of Nuri as-Said, and of his young British-educated monarch, King Feisal. The military junta that seized control of Baghdad proclaimed Iraq now a republic, and got off an exultant message of comradeship to Egypt's Dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser.

Such *coups d'état* have gone on for centuries, but have taken on an ominous new meaning since Nasser came to power, proclaiming an Arab nationalism that overleaps borders and spreads by inflammatory radio appeals. If the rebels succeeded in consolidating their revolt, Nasser would become the undisputed ruler of the entire Arab world. For the West, if it did not meet Nasser's challenge, the result would be catastrophic.

The first word crackled from the radios of Cairo, Damascus and Baghdad. The word: an army junta had overthrown the government and set up a three-man "sovereignty council" led by a little-known army general, Abdel Karim Kassem. From the Baghdad Radio, rechristened "Free Iraq Radio," and Nasser's announcers in Egypt and Syria, came sketchy details, whose authenticity had to be measured against the plotters' desire to stir further panic. Broadcasts said that the junta had seized the capital city before dawn, that wispish Crown Prince Abdul Illah, uncle of the young King, had been assassinated. The fate of 23-year-old King Feisal, ruler of the five-month-old Arab Union of Iraq and Jordan, and of 70-year-old Strongman Nuri as-Said was unknown. First broadcast said that Nuri, great friend of the West, had been beaten to death by a mob: "The enemy of God and his master have been killed and are lying in the street." But later broadcasts did not mention the Premier or his fate.

Nasser's Middle East News Agency gleefully described the assassination of Crown Prince Abdul Illah: "The people dragged Abdul Illah's body into the street like that of a dog and tore it limb from limb." Then the mobs burned the body. It was Abdul Illah who ruled Iraq as regent until Feisal became King at 18.

As crowds in the streets of Baghdad shouted "Nasser, we are your soldiers," and the insurgents denounced Feisal as a "traitor," rebels announced formation of a fourteen-man cabinet headed by Brigadier General Kassem as Premier and including four other generals. That the plot had been carefully arranged was obvious: within hours of the first move, the rebels

announced the civilian officials in a new government, declared martial law, purged loyal army commanders and renamed military units which bore royal titles.

Declared the rebel radio: "We have decided to form an Iraqi republic which adheres to full Arab unity and pray God to help us all." Shrilled another broadcast: "Today is a day to kill and be killed. Down with imperialist agents. Compatriots, now we can speak and breathe." Another broadcast gave the first indication that at least some supporters of the King were fighting back. "Some of our compatriots are firing on us," reported the rebel radio announcer in almost disbelief-

IRAQ: RICH PRIZE

Under the leadership of Strongman Nuri as-Said, Iraq was the only Arab nation to align itself firmly with the West. In signing the Baghdad Pact, it united with Britain and the Moslem nations of Turkey, Iran and Pakistan in common defense against Communism. The U.S. refused to join the pact, but worked in close military liaison with it.

Nuri as-Said was the Arab world's sworn enemy of Nasser, who proclaimed Arab "positive neutrality" in the cold war. In many respects it was an unequal battle: Iraq has fewer than 6,000,000 people, Egypt more than 22 million. When Nasser seized power in neighboring Syria last February and proclaimed the United Arab Republic, Iraq countered on February 14 by merging with its Hashemite brother, Jordan, in the Arab Union, Iraq's King Feisal became the head of the union, but the Constitution provided that in his absence, authority would pass to his young cousin, King Hussein of Jordan. Should Hussein now call for outside help, this clause might prove crucial in establishing the legitimacy of foreign intervention.

Iraq is a rich prize. Once the land of the Garden of Eden and the lush valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, it lapsed into centuries of neglect and misrule until oil was discovered. Now the world's sixth-largest oil producer, it has allotted 70% of its revenues in a far-sighted Development Board program to double the country's standard of living in ten years. In seven years, Iraq's per-capita income has advanced from \$84 to \$140. But this slow progress against immense poverty, illness and illiteracy had to contend constantly with the cries of Arab nationalism, the eroding torrent of abuse and incitement to revolt that poured from Cairo Radio, and the intrigues of Nasser-minded army officers.

ing tones. By mid-afternoon, with resistance not ended, the radio was urging Iraqi womanhood to stand by "your free brothers fighting in the streets."

Waiting in Vain. The revolt had been timed for the early morning departure of King Feisal, the Crown Prince, and Nuri as-Said for Istanbul, to attend an emergency session of the Baghdad Pact—concerned not about Iraq, but revolt-torn Lebanon.

In Istanbul, Turkey's President and Premier were standing at the airport. The honor guard was drawn up, the bands ready to play—but the Iraqi guests never arrived. In alarm, Turkish President Celal Bayar and Premier Adnan Menderes took off for their capital at Ankara to consider their next move. Another pact partner, Iran, closed its border and alerted its army. But these were but feeble protective responses. Without Iraq the Baghdad Pact would be meaningless.

Across the insecure borders of the Arab Middle East the repercussions spread. Most jeopardized immediately was Jordan, Iraq's partner in the Arab Union.

Only last week Jordan's King Hussein had proclaimed the discovery of a murder plot against him. The King had ordered the arrest of 60 Jordanian army officers, including one of his most trusted lieutenants. Presumably, the plots in Amman and Baghdad to kill both young Kings had been timed to go off almost simultaneously. Hearing the news of the revolt in Baghdad, stout-hearted young King Hussein this week proclaimed himself new head of the Arab Union, and broadcast to his people: "We shall pilot the ship toward a safe harbor, relying on our loyal people and army."

Next in jeopardy was Lebanon, the half-Moslem, half-Christian nation which has been torn for two months by an internal revolt against pro-Western President Camille Chamoun, which is aided and abetted by arms, men and radio encouragement from Nasser. At the beginning of the week, both weary sides were reportedly ready to agree on Army Chief Fuad Shehab as new President. But success of the revolt in Iraq undoubtedly would set the Lebanese rebels against any compromise.

Beyond these two concerned countries stood Israel, which was in no mood to be entirely surrounded by Nasser's Arabs, and might resume the war against Nasser it abandoned so reluctantly in 1956. Also deeply involved was Britain, whose oil wealth lies in Iraq, and for whom Iraq is the last major bastion in the Middle East.

Meanwhile Nasser was in Yugoslavia, holidaying after his visit with Tito. When he gets back home, Nasser will find that things have changed in the Middle East, and the whole world convinced that he who had most to gain by the changes undoubtedly had a hand in their taking place.

WESTERN EUROPE

Threat of Recession

For months European businessmen congratulated themselves on how sturdily their economies were weathering the sharpest U.S. recession since World War II. Now there are signs that Europeans themselves have something to be concerned about. By last week talk of a downturn in European business, hushed when Europe's boom refused to bust even during the U.S.'s greyest months, broke out in loud tones. In Rome, officials of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization warned that the price bottom might drop out of Europe's agricultural market this fall, and in London Britain's cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer, Derick Heathcoat Amory, talked bluntly of "a possible recession in the fall."

For the first time in years, reported the U.N.'s Economic Commission for Europe, Western Europe's production is "leveling off." Machines are slowing down, using less oil and coal, digesting fewer raw materials, spewing out fewer finished products, and making smaller profits. Only highly protected France seems still to be boosting its industrial production. Warned Heathcoat Amory: "We cannot look at present to rising European demand to counteract the downturn in the U.S., as we could in the last recession" of 1953-54.

Slowdown in Speedup. In Belgium, usually the first European country to suffer when the demand for steel and coal slumps, industrial output has sagged 6% in the first quarter of 1958. Bank of Brussels Economist Albert de Lettenhove reports "no signs as yet of any revival—the recession may have reached bottom in the States, but not here."

Italian industrial production, after expanding by an impressive 10% a year for a decade, grew at a bare 1% rate in the first three months of 1958. Bank of Italy Governor Donato Menichella says: "We are in a period of watchful waiting."

Among the prosperous Swiss, too, "wait-and-see has replaced the boom mentality," reports the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, which forecast a 15% drop in industrial building projects for this year.

Even in West Germany, where the index of industrial production in May of this year slipped a fraction below the 1957 level, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard told the Bundestag: "I do not doubt that the pulse of our economy is somewhat weaker."

The dominant note everywhere is concern, not panic. Economies are generally sound, employment high and currency strong. To Dr. Erhard, the engineer of the German production miracle, a slowdown is not without advantages for his highly flexible economy, for rising costs were beginning to threaten Germany's competitive position. And one Italian economist dismisses his own country's recession as no more than "a slowdown in the speedup."

From Little to Late? But the Dutch, the Scandinavians, and above all the British, with their slowed-down economy, are less sure that they can avert a deeper

slide. Tough, restrictive policies in Britain saved the pound (Britain's reserves climbed last week to \$3.1 billion, highest since 1950), but they held down inflationary pressure so much that Tory leaders must now worry about the threat from the opposite direction. Like the rest of Europe, the British have so far reaped the benefits of the 15-20% fall in world commodity prices since last year. But some raw-material exporters, their incomes slashed by falling prices, have now begun cutting their imports from Britain.

Britain's Heathcoat Amory, juggling the controls to open up the economy last week gave British banks power to grant more credit without Treasury approval.

For Western Europe in general, the forecast is a slackening of expansion, but no crash.

CAMBODIA

Sam the Whipper

In 1955, at the first nationwide beauty contest ever staged in the remote Indo-Chinese kingdom of Cambodia, Vice Premier Sam Sary was more than an interested spectator. The judges could choose only one winner, but Sary, a suave, Paris-educated ladies' man, picked two. In no time at all, the judges' first choice, coffee-skinned, sarong-clad Tep Kanary, was installed in Sary's household. Later he added Iv Eng Seng, who was only an also-ran with judges, to his collection.

Hero in Trouble. In Cambodia, this was all right with everybody. Besides, Sam Sary was somebody special. As a delegate to the Geneva Conference that ended the Indo-Chinese war in 1954, Sam Sary had become a hero by leading the fight to prevent partition of Cambodia

between Communists and non-Communists. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the King who resigned to become Cambodia's Premier, rewarded his longtime friend and admirer (Sary is the Prince's biographer) by promoting Sary to the vice-premiership.

Then trouble became "Sad Sam" Sary's middle name (TIME, June 10, 1957). Last summer powerful political enemies complained that Sary was granting profitable import licenses to the wrong people, i.e., someone other than Sary's accusers. Tears in eyes, Sary crawled before Sihanouk on hands and knees and asked to be relieved of his job. Tears in eyes, Sihanouk let him go. In remorse, Sary shaved his head and eyebrows, entered a Buddhist monastery.

In January of this year Sary was packed off into gilded exile as Cambodia's Ambassador to Britain. Sary's entourage: his formidable No. 1 wife, Em, a plump suffragette, and their five children, ranging in age from 8 to 18; Tep Kanary, the young beauty queen, Sam's No. 2 wife and No. 1 mistress; the other beauty, Iv Eng Seng, was either No. 3 wife or No. 2 mistress. To get around British sensibilities, Iv Eng Seng was listed as a governess. Whose business was it that she was also pregnant? Sam Sary called on Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace and presented his credentials.

Switch of String. Last month the idyllic arrangement came to an abrupt end. Iv Eng Seng fled from the embassy with her month-old baby boy to a London nursing home and complained that Sary had severely beaten her "for minor mistakes." Nonsense, replied Ambassador Sary gallantly: "I corrected her by hitting her with a Cambodian string whip. I never hit her on the face, always across the back and the thighs—a common sort of punishment in my country." Besides, said Sary, warming to his subject, he had every right under Cambodian law (he meant Cambodian custom) to whip the girl, because the embassy is "Cambodia in London." Ambassador Sary got off a protest to the British Foreign Office, objecting to Iv Eng Seng's complaints. Iv Eng Seng applied to Home Minister Richard A. ("Rab") Butler, asking for asylum.

Disturbed over the bad name Sam Sary was giving Cambodia, the government back in Phnompenh, which is in the control of Sary's rivals, whipped off a note of its own, retracting Sary's protest to the Foreign Office as "null and void," and noting: "The government considers that the infliction of corporal punishment on a maid, which is an offense under Cambodian law, is unworthy and incompatible with the functions of a representative abroad of the Head of State." Ambassador Sary wired back: "I maintain my protest and won't let my country be insulted."

The Cambodian government accused him of "grave disobedience," ordered his recall, and issued a public explanation in Phnompenh that "Sam Sary, helped by his wife, savagely beat his pregnant concubine." Complained Political Rival Sim Var: "Not only does he beat his concubine, but he tells the British press that this is customary in Cambodia, and now



CAMBODIA'S SAM SARY
Beating girls is an old custom.

Combine



THE FRENCH RIVIERA BOOM TOWN OF SAINT-TROPEZ

Jours de France—Dolmas

Where the beheaded saint was washed ashore, Goddesses Bardot and Sagan now hold court.

the British think we are a country of savages."

As Sary went back home to crawl on his knees before Cambodia's statuesque queen, a 35-year-old London barrister named John Averill—who was guided, he said, by a special vision from his Egyptian spirit, Ra-Men-Ra—stepped forward to rescue the governess in distress. He proposed and promptly married Iv Eng Seng. Averill is an ardent member of the "School of Universal Philosophy and Healing," whose credo is no smoking, no meat eating, and no sex.

FRANCE

The General's Olive Branch

Of all the things that General Charles de Gaulle has done, or not done, since he took over as Premier, nothing so riled the extremist *colons* of Algeria as his failure to give a Cabinet post to their burly idol, Jacques ("Le Tombeur") Soustelle, the Parisian politician who was the brains of the Algerian settlers' revolt against the Fourth Republic. When, during his first visit to Algeria, the streets rang with the cry "Vive Soustelle!", De Gaulle in his laconic and oracular way merely said: "Soustelle will have a place at my side." But it was not until last week that Soustelle got "his place" at last. As Minister of Information, he will become De Gaulle's official spokesman—a service unit recently performed by voluble Novelist André Malraux.

Aside from the Communist press, only Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's weekly *L'Express* complained aloud, gloomily predicting "a terrorized silence of all daily newspapers." In his new post Soustelle also has the right to hire and fire anyone on the state-owned French radio and television, which gives him far more authority there than over the printed word. In Algeria, news of the appointment made the wavering Moslems cooler to De Gaulle, while the *colons'* Committee of Public

Safety proclaimed a victory. Others saw Soustelle's appointment as a neatly timed maneuver to deprive the committee of its most dramatic grievance and hence one of its chief reasons for existence. "When the olive branch was extended to us," said one *colon* sadly, "we could do nothing but accept it."

De Gaulle had other sops to throw—a third star for Brigadier General Jacques Massu, the balcony hero of the paratroopers, and France's highest military award, the Médaille Militaire, for teeter-tottering General Raoul Salan, who last week abandoned his flirtation with the *ultras* long enough to pledge that his army would "give to General de Gaulle the magnificent performance he has asked of us." De Gaulle also invited Salan and Massu to share the Bastille Day platform with him in Paris this week.

To counterbalance these moves, De Gaulle made two other appointments to his Cabinet, both regarded as champions of a liberal policy towards Algeria. He also made it clear that André Malraux would still be his chief "minister of new ideas." As for Soustelle himself, he had been given a position where he can announce policy, but presumably not make it. Those who regard De Gaulle as still in control of events, and not their prisoner, were not yet alarmed. As one Gaullist put it: "The purpose of the operation was to deactivate M. Soustelle."

This Happy Few

All winter long Saint-Tropez is a sleepy, shuttered town on the French Riviera, tucked away in a bay between Cannes and Toulon. Its 4,000 citizens long earned their meager living either by fishing or by working at the nearby naval torpedo factory. About the only vehicles that drove through its shabby streets, until about five years ago, were the creaking buses that carried the laborers back and forth to work. Then, for no apparent reason at all, "St. Trop" (pronounced

Sen-tro) suddenly became chic. Today the boom is at a height: Saint-Tropez has become the favorite Riviera resort of France's fashionable eccentric.

They are a sight to see. A sort of minute-made elite ("Nescafé Society," one French journalist calls it), the summer crowd at St. Trop, though liberally sprinkled with titles, seems to have invented itself. The visitors are almost always young, and though they may change companions from year to year, they rarely come alone. In the bay that once knew only fishing boats, as many as 80 yachts may lie at anchor. The narrow streets hum with Ferraris, Lancias, Mercedes and Aston Martins. To be seen at the wheel of a mere Jaguar or Austin-Healey is considered ordinary. To drive a Thunderbird is definitely parvenu.

Never Twice. The goddesses of St. Trop are Brigitte Bardot and Françoise Sagan, both of whom were holding court there last week. The men wear shorts and rope sandals; the women, with or without Bardot's dimensions, wear floppy white hats, brightly colored loose shirts, and pastel trousers so tight that they look as though they had been stuck on. Their feet are bare and bronzed. The czarina of fashion is a waterfront couturière named Madame Vachon who employs a whole army of peasant girls to sew and cut and iron the simple summer uniforms of the chic. Like many another Tropézienne, Madame Vachon has grown very rich, for in Saint-Tropez no one is seen wearing the same shirt or trousers two days in a row.

To be accepted among the happy few, one should be more than well off, though in July and August a waterfront apartment may rent for as much as \$1,000 a month, and money, therefore, has its uses. Most of the summer invaders seem to have come straight out of Sagan, who wrote one of her novels there (Hollywood's *Bonjour Tristesse* was filmed in the town), or out of Brigitte's film *And*

God Created Women, which was also filmed there. For the energetic—those who struggle out of bed before 5 p.m.—there are the long, white beaches, but they are about five miles away. Nobody bothers much to swim or water-ski; the beaches are for lolling in or half out of bikinis. During the day, St. Tropez is for the most part a ghost town, much as it was before it was “discovered.” At night it blazes into life.

Never the Foxtrots. The evening begins with *apéritifs* at a quay-side sidewalk café called *Sénéquier*. Then, for the gone set, come the frenetic visits to the town's ten nightclubs, mostly dimly lit bistros in stuffy cellars. Here, it is not the thing to foxtrots, rock 'n' roll or cha-cha-cha. The favorite dances are the Charleston, the polka, and something called the tamouré, in which the feet scarcely move at all. At revel's end, the bright young things stagger off to bed. Most St. Tropez hotels, which are just little walk-ups that have struck it rich, provide neither room service nor hotel keys. They prefer to let their guests fall where they may.

About all that is left of the old days is the August fishing fete, during which a flower-laden boat is burned in the bay, and the annual procession, bearing through the streets the bust of the martyred Saint Tropez, whom the Romans beheaded around A.D. 68. In 1637 the power of Saint Tropez was summoned to turn back an invasion of 21 Spanish galleons. Today, during another kind of invasion, he sits out the summer forlornly, unnoticed in his niche in the chapel of Monsieur le Curé.

ITALY

Shortening the Siestas

If Italy's new Premier Amintore Fanfani pushes through all the state-run housing programs, education schemes, tax crackdowns and corruption cleanups that he has promised, all of them added together probably will not shock Romans as much as one fearless request issued by the Premier in his first week in office. The request: all Cabinet members and their staffs should begin work at 8:30 a.m., and lunchtime siestas should be cut to 2½ hours.

To the eternal frustration of foreigners and the industrious businessmen of northern Italy, Rome's bureaucrats have for years meandered into their offices about 10 o'clock, knocked off for lunch and a snooze about 2, returned from lunch about 6 and remained until 10 to do business with any night owl who wandered by. The new hours: 8:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 3:30 to 8:30 p.m. Fanfani himself likes to summon his own aides into conference before 8 a.m., and he hangs on into the night.

At week's end, Fanfani, still moving with brisk efficiency, which has won him the nickname “*Il Motorino*” (the little motor), got confirmed as Premier by a Senate margin of 17 votes, and this week faces the more crucial Chamber of Deputies, where he is expected to be confirmed only narrowly.

FINLAND

Peat-Bog Protest

In Finland, which fought two doughty wars to save its independence from Communist Russia, the Communists took first place last week in the vote for a new Parliament.

Main cause for this surprising turn seemed to be popular dissatisfaction over Finland's economic slide and the ruling center parties' failure to stop it. Over the past four years Cabinet after Cabinet has fumbled and drifted while inflation soared 32%. High-priced Finnish export industries lost out in vital foreign markets, and unemployment rose last winter to 6% of the labor force. In last week's election, right and left gained at the expense of the center. Many other voters stayed home in disgust. The iron-



COMMUNIST KUUSINEN
Raw or cooked, Russians taste the same.

disciplined Communists, while increasing their total popular vote by only 17,000, captured 50 of 200 parliamentary seats (a gain of seven).

The Communists harvested most heavily in the tiny clearings of Finland's northern forests, where impoverished smallholders try to farm their skimpy tracts in the summer and seek lumber-camp jobs the rest of the time. This year, when the big pulp and paper firms had no jobs at all to offer in the pineries, the ruling Agrarians complacently tried to hold the peat-bog farmers and other workers of the land with sky-high agricultural subsidies. The Communists, led by handsome Hertta Kuusinen,* shouted that the men of the forests wanted jobs, not fatter butter prices—and took five northern seats.

Though President Urho Kekkonen con-

* Daughter of Old Bolshevik Otto Kuusinen, 77, who went to Russia in 1918 and is now a member of the Soviet Union's top Presidium.

tinues to keep up perfectly correct ties with the powerful Soviet neighbor (and last May accepted a \$50 million low-interest credit during a visit to Moscow), the Communists are not likely to be asked to form the new government—even join it. The great majority of Finns remain deeply anti-Communist. “Raw or cooked,” runs an old Finnish saying, “the Russian tastes the same.” After last week's vote, Helsinki newspapers called for the half-dozen non-Communist parties to form a patriots' regime that will balance the economy and so keep Finland free.

EAST GERMANY

Conqueror on Tour

What Nikita Khrushchev so proudly calls “the Socialist Camp” is an armed camp, and not since the Hungarian revolt itself has the naked face of tyranny been so apparent as since the recent execution of Imre Nagy. Last week the U.S. reported to the U.N. that at least 100 imprisoned Nagy supporters are now facing trial in Hungary, and Belgrade reported that six more Hungarians had been executed. At this particular moment, the big boss of this armed camp descended on East Germany, the most heavily occupied (33 divisions) ramparts of his empire, breathing defiance and confidence.

Popping from the train in East Berlin like a plump orange from a vending machine, Khrushchev reviewed a goose-stepping *Wehrmacht*-uniformed honor guard. At his side appeared dour Defense Minister Marshal Malinovsky, whose attendance had not been announced in advance but who explained that he was “spending a leave” in East Germany.

Listen, the Wind. Simply by appearing in person at the East German Party Congress, Khrushchev demonstrated his support for East Germany's Stalinist chief, goateed Walter Ulbricht. “The wind isn't blowing into your face but Adenauer's,” he told party activists. “Don't worry, they'll come yet and knock on your door and say, we're from Bonn and would like to negotiate.” He drove into the countryside and hopped out to tell sugar-beet growers how to plant their crops (“in clusters of four”). The crowds in the market squares gave him a desultory welcome. But among some 2,500 Party Congress delegates in East Berlin he got duly booming cheers, and he chose to compare these with the reception “Nixon recently experienced in Latin America.” For two hours Khrushchev spoke to his German minions, in the conqueror's native Russian tongue, leaving his remarks to be translated. More than half of his speech was devoted to a heavy attack on Tito, though he insisted plaintively at one point, “We do not pay the Yugoslavs more attention than they are worth. The more attention we pay, the more they believe they really have the strength to play a role, the more their prices go up.”

Lid to Jar. “We admitted our mistakes,” roared Nikita (Hungarian Party Boss Janos Kadar, who served in Nagy's Cabinet and later assured his people that

Nagy would not be punished, listened stolidly from his seat among the foreign delegates). "The Yugoslav leaders didn't. They have too little courage to tell their people they are responsible for this conflict. They say we falsify Marxism-Leninism. Then why has the U.S.S.R. had such great successes? Comrades, the lid does not fit the jar, as the saying goes. What success can the Yugoslav leaders, who call themselves Marxists, show?"

Promising to press his campaign against Yugoslav heresy to a victorious end, Khrushchev congratulated the East German party on its "pitiless struggle for purity against revisionism and opportunism," and won his loudest cheer of the day with a final promise: starting Jan. 1, 1959, East Germany will no longer have to pay \$144 million annual support contributions to the Soviet forces.

In elections last week in North Rhine-Westphalia, West Germany's most populous state, 82-year-old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democrats found the winds anything but contrary. The opposition Socialists, thinking that their surest bet was to campaign against "Atomic Death," in opposition to the Chancellor's policy of atomic rearmament inside NATO, were swept from office. The Christian Democrats won an absolute majority, the first time in North Rhine-Westphalia history.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Third Man

When Yugoslavia's President Tito and Egypt's President Nasser last met at Tito's hideaway on the Adriatic isle of Brioni in 1956, the third man present was India's neutral-in-arms, Jawaharlal Nehru. Last week, when Tito and Nasser moved their talks (TIME, July 14) to Brioni for fun, games and communiés, another third man unexpectedly turned up. The visitor: Greece's busy Foreign Minister, 48-year-old Evangelos Averoff-Tossizza.

Because Greece's leftists had rolled up 25% of the vote in last May's elections, putting new pressure on Premier Constantine Karamanlis' pro-Western government to turn neutralist, and because Greece is bitter at its NATO allies over the Cyprus dispute, the suspicion spread that Greece might be heading off into a neutralists' no man's land. But both Premier Karamanlis and Foreign Minister Averoff insisted otherwise. The Turks described the Greek meeting with Tito and Nasser as attempted blackmail. The Greeks replied that they were merely conferring with a next-door neighbor and Balkan Pact ally (Yugoslavia) and a Mediterranean trading partner (Egypt, where 100,000 Greeks live). The Greeks were undoubtedly looking around for new friends, but this was hardly proof that they were running out on old ones.

During Averoff's two-day visit, Cyprus was discussed—but Greece, after all, already has Tito's and Nasser's support. The Egyptians recently played host to

Archbishop Makarios, the exiled ethnarch of Cyprus: anybody feuding with the Turks and angry at the British can count on Nasser's blessing.

When it came to the final huffing and puffing communiqué on the Tito-Nasser meeting, Cyprus was not mentioned. Tito and Nasser called for a summit conference and an end to nuclear tests (with an unexpected demand in advance that France be forbidden to test atomic weapons in the Sahara Desert). Their communiqué further deplored the "tendency for bringing influence and domination to bear over other countries by interfering in their internal affairs and with various forms of pressure." To any innocent outsider, such a criticism might seem to apply to Russia's campaign against Yugoslavia and Hungary, or to Nasser's pressure on Lebanon, or perhaps even to Iraq, but the two

THE FAR EAST

Squeeze from Peking

Communist China, like Big Brother Russia, has set itself a big economic target. When Khrushchev talks of overtaking the U.S. in farm products by 1975, Peking tells of overtaking Britain industrially in 15 years. But Red China's real industrial rival sits just across the Yellow Sea. Last week Peking declared open economic warfare on Japan, the one Asian nation capable of challenging the Red drive toward economic domination in greater East Asia.

Peking has such a healthy respect for capitalist Japan's postwar buildup that for a long time the Chinese Reds fondly hoped that Japan could be lured into a kind of neutralist status. Whatever hopes China had, they all but disappeared three



NASSER WITH GREECE'S AVEROFF (LEFT) & TITO AT BRIONI
Innocence by geographical separation.

dictators gave two other examples instead: alleged Western pressure in Lebanon and Indonesia.

Nasser was still in Yugoslavia, on holiday with wife and children, when the coup in Iraq took place. Did he expect it at that moment? Or, having supplied the fuel, had he left it to others to decide when the match was lit? After all, to establish innocence by geographical separation, he could also prove that he was away in Soviet Russia when the Lebanese revolt began in May.

On Cyprus, the undeclared truce that has been in force since Britain announced its plan for a tridominion came to an end in the bloodiest week yet of vengeful bombings, shootings and riots. The death toll: twelve Greek Cypriots, ten Turkish Cypriots and two British soldiers. Harassed British Governor Sir Hugh Foot persuaded the leaders of both the Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities to join him in an unprecedented appeal for calm.

Months ago when conservative Premier Nobusuke Kishi clearly indicated that his Japanese government had no intention of granting diplomatic recognition to Peking, and would not fall over itself to trade with the mainland Reds, Peking turned from sweet to sour. The Chinese Reds tried blatantly to defeat Kishi in last May's elections (TIME, June 2) and failed miserably.

Last week, watching Japanese diplomacy, trade, banking, shipping, scholarship and technology fanning across Southeast Asia once again, Peking decided to put the squeeze on Tokyo where it hurts. Having broken all trade, fishing and cultural relations with Japan, the Chinese Reds called on all the 13 million overseas Chinese living in Southeast Asia (most of them distributors and shopkeepers) to boycott Japanese products and sever all business connections with Japan. The Reds also snapped off repatriation of some 30,000 Japanese nationals still held in China (although 65 Japanese Commu-

nists were shipped back home from China under assumed names to foment trouble. Peking's propaganda organs, which previously had confined themselves to attacks on "the idiot Kishi," suddenly recalled Japan's wartime atrocities—"killings, arson, pillage, rape, insults, beastly activities." The Peking *People's Daily* accused Kishi's "monopoly capitalist" government of "imperialism and militarism."

Victims of Dumping. But it was not names that hurt the Japanese so much as the possibility of Peking's trade rivalry in Southeast Asia. Like island Britain, island Japan (pop. 90 million) must trade to survive. In a speech to Osaka businessmen, Kishi's brother, Finance Minister Eisaku Sato, said that to meet "the sudden intensifying competition from Red China," he wanted to extend yen loans to Southeast Asian countries and permit them to pay for Japanese exports on the easy installment plan. He also called for a speedup in Japan's payment of \$700 million in World War II reparations to the Philippines, Burma and Indonesia to put these once occupied nations in a better mood to "Buy Japanese." In an ironic twist of history, the Japanese, who once angered the West with their dumping practices and their phony "made in U.S.A." and "made in England" labels, were being seriously undercut by a dumping campaign launched from Peking.

In Hong Kong, Chinese Communist raincoats sold last week for 40% less than in Canton. The Japanese admitted that Chinese underselling had "destroyed" Japan's newspaper and grey cotton sheetings exports throughout Southeast Asia, now threatened to undermine Japan's markets in soybean oil, cement, structural steel, window glass. In Jakarta, Indonesians were snapping up Chinese yarn at \$390 a bale, \$25 cheaper than Japan's yarn. In Thailand, Japanese cotton piece goods had been virtually driven from the market by Chinese prices, which were as much as 15% lower. Other Red bestsellers: bicycles, sewing machines and scented cotton prints. Even in strictly anti-Communist South Viet Nam, where border guards check all cars and passengers to block entry of Chinese goods from Cambodia, Saigon's counters hold China's fountain pens, records, needles, thermos bottles and textiles.

Victims of Illusion. By hitting Japan economically, where it is most sensitive (Japan's trade deficit was \$1.4 billion last year), the Chinese Reds hope to stir up opposition to Premier Kishi and support for Peking-Tokyo trade. The Reds glibly dangle the bait of "600 million customers" before the eyes of Tokyo businessmen, although experience has shown that neither Communist China nor Japan has any great desire to buy the kind of consumer goods the other has to sell. Japanese businessmen also soon discover that they can deal only with state-owned Communist trading corporations rather than "600 million customers."

The prosperous Japanese economy is

currently feeling the pinch of recession—production is down, stockpiles and unemployment are up. Chinese steel production has quadrupled (but is still only 5,000,000 metric tons compared to Japan's 12.5 million), China's machine-tool production, doubled, is now almost on a par with Japan's.

Japan has long since lost the markets, the raw materials and the steel mills of Manchuria. And though Japan still thrives on cheap labor, wages have risen. Japanese heavy industry is plagued by high costs because of its dependence on imported raw materials. In the battle for Southeast Asia's markets, the Japanese must still fight the resentments incurred in World War II. The Japanese hope: financial help from the U.S.



DR. BANDA & FANS
By Kwaca's early light.

NYASALAND

Return of the Native

As he got off the big Viscount at Blantyre-Limbe's airport, the aging, European-garbed man uttered only one word. But the word was enough to send into a frenzy the 4,000 wildly excited Negroes who had come to greet him. "Kwaca! Kwaca! Kwaca!" they roared back, screaming the African nationalist slogan that means dawn (i.e., the beginning of freedom). They draped their hero in a ceremonial leopard skin, carried him on their shoulders to a car, yelled and beat tom-toms as he drove off, escorted by red-robed young "freedom fighters" on motorcycles. Thus last week, after 40 years of self-imposed exile, Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda, 53—"savior, liberator and messiah"—came home.

Having long cultivated the air of a man of mystery, Banda has become something of a legend among African nationalists. A member of the Chewa tribe and a mission-school boy, he ran away at 13 to acquire an education, because today one

does not fight with spears: one fights with knowledge." At first his parents thought he must have been devoured by lions. Only months later did they learn that he had walked barefoot 1,000 miles to Johannesburg, where he got a job in a gold mine. While studying at night, he somehow managed to scrape together enough money to get to the U.S., where he lived for twelve years. He worked his way through college, earned an M.D., and then, being a devout member of the Scottish kirk, went on to the University of Edinburgh. By 1952 Hastings Banda, Ph.B., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., M.D., L.R.C.S., had a prosperous practice of 4,000 patients, mostly white, just outside London.

New Bloom. Over the years he kept close tabs on the leaders and chiefs of his native land (where the blacks outnumber whites nearly 400 to 1). He constantly denounced the British plan for forming a federation of Nyasaland and the two Rhodesias (where there are more white settlers), insisted that the Colonial Office continue to rule Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland until the two countries were ready for independence. When the federation went through, Banda sold his practice, moved to the Gold Coast, to Kumasi in the land of the Ashanti. There he became a friend of Kwame Nkrumah and an admirer of Ghana's fight for independence. Finally, this year, he decided that the time had come for him to go home and become a Nkrumah to his people.

Last week at a huge *Barasa* given in his honor, Banda watched members of the Angoni tribe perform their *Liguto* war dance, for two hours accepted gifts from all over Nyasaland, including a new broom to "sweep out the federation." Then, silhouetted against the sunset, he launched into a speech. "The federation," he cried, "was imposed by European settlers who fought the Colonial Office so they could have power over us, just as Europeans in the Union of South Africa have power over our unfortunate fellow Africans there." Then he announced that he would resume the practice of medicine.

Cows to Milk. Two days after Dr. Banda's arrival, North Rhodesian and Nyasaland African members of the Federal Assembly introduced a motion to disband the federation. In Southern Rhodesia the local African Congress became so restive that police officials had to begin cracking down. The Congress' secretary-general was accused of spreading racial dissension by making such public remarks as "Europeans use Africans as cows to milk." The Congress vice president went on trial on charges of slandering a white politician.

Federation Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky, after lashing out at the members of the African Congress as "gangsters and thugs," bluntly warned that his government would start "positive action to counter subversive activities." The forces that Hastings Banda represents may be gathering strength, but "we," said Sir Roy darkly, "are not completely impotent."



Photo by Jen Abbott

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Answers, Please

Acting as the eyes and ears of his brother Dwight, Johns Hopkins University President Milton Eisenhower flew south from Washington last week for a fact-finding and good-will swing through six nations of Central America. The trip, originally scheduled for June 15, was postponed lest Milton meet a backwash of the violence that greeted Vice President Nixon in Lima and Caracas.

Welcome News. By last week the most worrisome signs of anti-U.S. feeling—forays into the Canal Zone by flag-planting, nationalistic Panamanian students—were more than two months in the past, and spectators along the road from the airport to Panama City stood peacefully as Milton rode past at 40 m.p.h.

As he set foot in Panama, Milton delivered the welcome news that a joint U.S. House-Senate committee had just agreed to end the controversial double standard under which U.S. and Panamanian Canal employees are paid according to separate wage scales. His No. 1 mission, however, is asking questions and getting answers about Central America's economic problems, and he took along key men to help him with the job. With him were Roy Rubottom, Assistant Secretary of State for inter-American Affairs; Tom B. Coughran, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Export-Import Bank President Samuel C. Waugh; and Development Loan Fund Manager Dempster McIntosh. Along to handle hostess duties was Milton's daughter Ruth.

Topic A. A main topic of all stops will be the common-market arrangement that is gradually taking form throughout the area. The U.S.'s aid experts will inspect the fruits of past aid programs and discuss needs for new ones. Examples: the Export-Import Bank is considering a loan of \$500,000 to the Honduran Development Bank, and the U.S. International Cooperation Administration may lend \$1,700,000 for school construction in Panama. El Salvador, Costa Rica and Guatemala will have to talk about the troublesome world surplus of coffee.

Milton will spend this week in Panama, Honduras and Costa Rica, will fly next week to Nicaragua, and then take a side trip to Puerto Rico (for Commonwealth Day celebrations). After last stops in El Salvador and Guatemala, he will fly home Aug. 1. This week he was well into his Panama business meeting with President Ernesto de la Guardia, and surrounded by such security that each day's doings were not announced until the morning of the day they were to take place—and his routes to and from his appointments were not released at all. There was one threatening cloud. Milton had agreed to meet a student delegation at the U.S. embassy. The students' reply: if he did not come to the university, there would be "action."

CANADA

Plain Talk Between Friends

Frankness, said the President of the U.S. last week to the Canadian Parliament, "is a measure of friendship." By that measure, relations between Canada and the U.S. had rarely moved on a friendlier level. Dwight Eisenhower bluntly defended some U.S. policies that had offended Canadians; on other points he offered significant concessions. But the major achievement of President Eisenhower's visit was simply the warm and

argued viewpoints, came to understandings if not always agreements.

In the House of Commons, Eisenhower arose to the drumming of open hands on desk tops to make the definitive speech of his visit. He came bearing concessions but no apologies. In a chamber that has rung on occasion with harsh judgments of Washington's words and works, he defended in plain words the policies that he was not prepared to alter. Items:

¶ U.S. wheat disposal: some wheat giveaways, said the President, have in time of famine saved the starving from death,



HOST DIEFENBAKER, GUESTS EISENHOWER & DULLES
Agreements if possible, otherwise understanding.

Hank Walker—LIFE

easy relationship that he and Prime Minister John Diefenbaker of Canada developed in three days of close association.

Ike & Dief. From the time the President and Mrs. Eisenhower, along with Secretary of State Dulles and Mrs. Dulles, alighted from the presidential plane *Columbine III*, the President and the Prime Minister lost little time getting down to the serious business that prompted the visit. In the pine-paneled study of the Prime Minister's residence, Ike and Dief settled themselves in chintz-covered chairs, and for an hour and 35 minutes went over the problems of trade, tariffs and joint defense that they had agreed to discuss. Sitting in with their chiefs were Dulles and External Affairs Chief Sidney Smith, U.S. Ambassador Livingston Merchant and Canada's Ambassador to Washington, Norman Robertson.

Diefenbaker and Eisenhower, who had met briefly twice before, seemed to hit it off immediately. In Diefenbaker's office, before and after formal appearances, and once in an unscheduled drive through the scenic Gatineau Hills of Quebec, the two leaders swapped quips and serious words,

while soft-currency sales have raised economic standards in the purchasing countries and thus "enlarged the markets for all." Barter sales, admittedly damaging to Canada in some instances, have been largely eliminated.

¶ Oil import restrictions: heavily criticized in Canada, the restrictions were aimed to strengthen the U.S.'s defenses by encouraging domestic exploration for oil, were drafted to minimize their effect on Canada (other U.S. officials said that quotas have had no effect on Canadian oil sales).

¶ Tariffs: since 1934, the U.S. has gradually reduced tariffs, expects to continue: of "about a dozen" tariff increases granted under escape-clause provisions, only one has materially affected Canadian exports.

¶ Canada's trade deficit with the U.S.: "The U.S. and Canada are not state traders," said Ike. "All the products of industry manufactured in the U.S. and sold abroad are sold through the enterprise of the private seller. These articles come to you in Canada only because of the desire of the individual Canadian consumer to buy a particular piece of merchandise. . . .

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Bulletins from the Bosses. Periodically during the President's visit, his press secretary, James Hagerty, and Prime Minister Diefenbaker's press secretary, James Nelson, dropped the attending newsmen substantial tidbits of news. From one of the Ike-Dief sessions, they announced, came a decision to set up the Canada-U.S. Committee on Joint Defense. From another working session came an apparent solution to a problem that has irritated Canadians: the regulation of foreign sales of U.S.-controlled subsidiaries in Canada.

The issue flared bitterly last March when a Vancouver trading company purportedly representing Red China charged that the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd. had refused to consider an order for 1,000 cars because of the operation of the U.S. Trading with the Enemy Act. Last week's common-sense solution: to review any future cases in Washington and Ottawa, generally free Canadian companies to operate under Canadian rules.

Ottawans had difficulty picking out the Secret Service operatives around the President. But the security problem managed to generate a first-class flap when an Ottawa cab driver reported that two men, one of them carrying what could have been a rifle case, had left his cab near the golf course where Ike was playing a round with three companions. Notified of the cab driver's suspicions, Ike calmly finished his round (score: 89) while a detail of Mounties beat the surrounding bushes in a vain search for the suspicious strangers.

In his three days in Ottawa, Eisenhower's attentive manner, his obvious interest in the concerns of his hosts and his famed grin did much to soothe the irritations of recent U.S.-Canadian conflicts. No one expected Eisenhower and Diefenbaker to settle all their countries' outstanding problems, but they had made a good start, laid a firm foundation for future easy give-and-take between the White House and Parliament Hill.

MEXICO

The Expected Landslide

By tradition, Candidate Adolfo López Mateos of the invincible Party of Revolutionary Institutions could not vote for himself for President last week—but most other Mexicans did. Running ahead of his party, the personable former Minister of Labor got at least 80% of more than 10 million votes, to assure himself six years in office. Women, voting for the first time, made the election the biggest in Mexican history; it was also the most peaceable, with only one party worker killed during the campaign and one on election day.

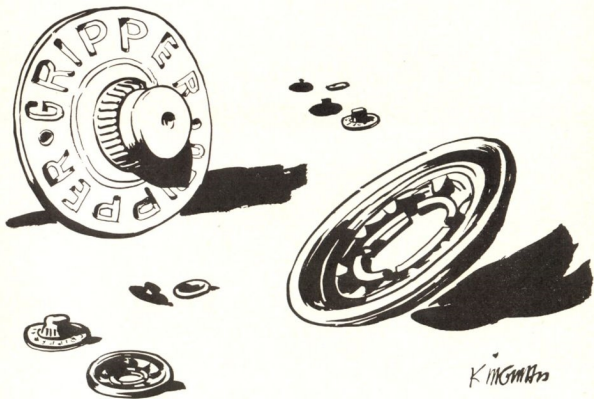
The opposition National Action Party (P.A.N.) and its candidate, Textilemaker Luis Alvarez, had hoped that the new women voters would swing to the pro-Roman Catholic P.A.N. Instead, the women looked carefully over their husbands' shoulders to find the right place

CONVENIENT

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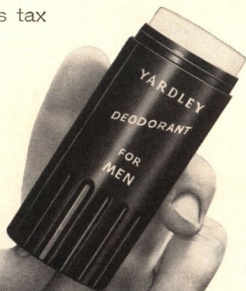
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Isidoro Alvarado
PRESIDENT-ELECT LÓPES MATEOS
Affable, efficient, elected.

to make their mark; the men were as fervently convinced as ever that P.R.I. allegiance and patriotism are one and the same thing. The only glimmer of hope for P.A.N. was in a few tight, undecided local races that might boost the P.A.N. total in Congress (from the present six seats in the House of Deputies, none in the Senate).

The next President of Mexico is the kind of affable, efficient man who might just as easily have wound up running a big corporation as a booming country. He is as far removed from the fiery revolutionary generals who founded his party as modern Mexico's well-scrubbed Sears, Roebuck stores are from a battlefield commissary. An attorney, Lópes Mateos moved up smoothly in the P.R.I.'s inner circle after going to work in 1930 as secretary to General Carlos Riva Palacio, then the party's titular head. As Labor Minister, Lópes Mateos settled 13,382 disputes with only a handful of strikes. A hard worker, he took his smooth, non-committal speeches and pleasant grin to 480 towns during a campaign that he could have won by staying home.

After casting his own vote last week (a write-in for a friend, Diplomat Isidro Fabela), Lópes Mateos went to inspect a new wing on his walled home in the expensive Pedregal district of Mexico City. He chatted with newsmen, looked in at the garage, where a 1958 Lincoln and 1957 Chrysler have replaced his old, modest Fiat. He promised a "down to the peso" accounting of his assets before entering office Dec. 1 and again upon leaving it. For Mexico he promised only a smooth bossing of the current combination of state and private enterprise. If he does as well as Incumbent Ruiz Cortines (who has seen the gross national product rise 40% and so far has ridden out the U.S. recession with scarcely a dip), Mexicans will be satisfied.



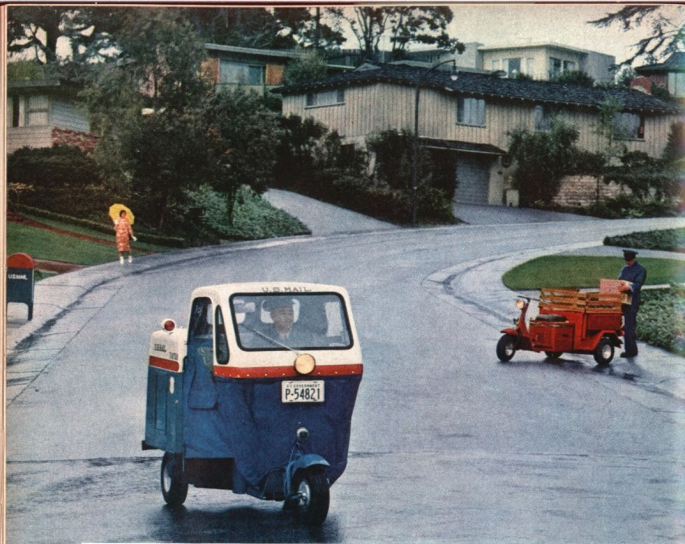
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

High-tailing it back to barracks at Fort Hood, Texas, after a gay evening in Fort Worth, gear-thumping Private **Elvis Presley** and three companions were innocently chugging down Highway 81 in his plain ole red-and-white Lincoln when a fan pulled alongside to see if the civvie-clad driver was really the great man at large. Interpreting the glance as a drag challenge, Elvis kicked down on the throttle with the fan in hot pursuit. Also on the trail was an interested state patrolman, who flagged Elvis and fan at 75 m.p.h. (in a 55-m.p.h. zone), gave them both tickets. Groaned the Pelvis to the Cop: "Well, I guess you caught me." No man to avoid the wages of small sin, Dreamboat Presley had a friend show up in court two days later with the fine money: \$20.50.

While saddle-seasoned TV Cowpoke **William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd**, 63, and the missus sashayed out to try Paris-style vittles, some varmint snuck up to their hotel suite in the swank Plaza Athénée, made off with \$12,000 in jewelry. Miffed by the misdeed, clueless Hopalong consoled himself with the fact that the loot was insured, moaned nonetheless: "It's like being robbed in a cathedral."

What is so sad as a Kim bedimmed? Up to its dollies in lubricious headlines, Columbia Pictures Corp. issued a stern caveat to a hot property, sometime lavender-haired Cineminx **Kim Novak**: no more would she see her yacht-bounding buddy, General **Rafael ("Ramfis") Trujillo Jr.** La Novak, sighing loudly enough for even the most quote-weary columnist



KIM NOVAK
Sighs.

Associated Press



CASEY STENGEL (RIGHT) & FRIENDS* AT THE SENATE
Syntax.

to hear clearly, sounded like a damsel in the dragon's clutch: "I don't know whether I'll ever see him again. Now that he's been painted as a villain, it has spoiled everything. We had a beautiful friendship. He was so interesting and nice."

An amiable bear of a man on the ground, Alabama's leviathan-like (6 ft. 8 in., 265 lbs.) Governor **James ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom** while airborne seemed more like a barefoot boy with cheek. When he goes sailing off into the wild blue in his Cessna 180, Big Jim disclosed, he travels with *feet au naturel*. Reason: in his size 16 shoes, he cannot use the rudder pedals without stomping on the brakes as well. More interesting was another Deep South tidbit: although unlicensed, Student Pilot Folsom has been soloing on the sly—a violation of CAA rules.

For New Zealand's beekeeping Mountaineer **Sir Edmund Hillary**, conqueror of highbrow (29,002 ft.) Mount Everest, the fact was grim and rocky: a hill he cannot climb. On a vacation trip to the 7,030-ft. Scott Knob in his homeland, Sir Edmund tried for the second time in 14 years to reach its lowly top, was forced to turn back 500 ft. from victory by an impassable rock face. Daunted only for the nonce, he muttered a plucky Hillary challenge: "I'll be back."

Shortly after dawn, the patient was hoisted to a crude table in his home near the Yugoslav village of Krasice. Surgeon **Branislav Bogicevic** examined the dangerous clot in his right leg, decided to tie off the affected vein without removing the thrombus. At week's end, Surgeon Bogicevic reported that his patient, maligned, maltreated **Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac**, was out of danger.

Shedding less useful light than a firefly at noon, Yankee Manager **Casey Stengel**, 68, long used to watching his hirelings clobber the Washington Senators, flummoxed singlehanded a different sort of Senator with his favorite weapon: syntax. As a witness before a subcommittee hearing testimony on a bill to exempt baseball from antitrust action, Stengel was asked

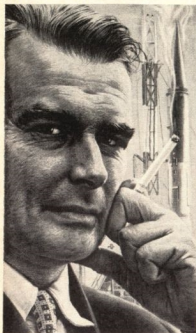
by Tennessee Democrat **Estes Kefauver** why the bill should be passed. "Well," said Casey, clarifying things, "you can retire with an annuity at 50, and I further state that I am not a member of that plan. You'd think, my goodness, why not, and him 48 years in baseball." "I'm not sure I made my question clear," said the Keef, doubtfully. "I would say that I wouldn't know," droned Stengel again, "but I imagine to keep baseball going as high as baseball is a sport that has gone into baseball from the baseball answer." Mumbled defeated Senator Kefauver, changing the subject: "I see."

Wiser in the world's ways than when he tramped through Lenin land as a boy reporter (for L.N.S.) in 1926, peripatetic Democrat **Adlai Stevenson** arrived in the Soviet north for a four-week tour. "I'm going to do as little talking as possible," said Adlai in Leningrad. "I have to learn as much as I can of the life and work of the Soviet people. It is important for the peace of the world that we understand each other." Besides rubbernecking in the tundra, Stevenson will hack away at a thorny issue: royalties for U.S. authors (including Ernest Hemingway, William Saroyan) whose work has been printed in the Soviet Union without compensation.

Abroad, a pair of artistic Americans were cackling their views on the North American vale of tears. Madly unpredictable Old Poet **Ezra Pound**, 72, predictably greeted Italy with a wizened arm raised in the Fascist salute, modestly named for reporters the U.S.'s best poet ("Ezra Pound"), said of his homeland: "All America is an insane asylum." With snatches of *Water Boy*, Basso **Paul Robeson**, 60, a well-heeled Marxist, flapped his brand-new passport aloft as he arrived in London for a concert tour. Question from newsmen: Is Paul in the Party? "I have a right to be a member of any party," said he obscurely. Well, would he like to say anything about Soviet anti-Semitism? Boomed Robeson: "I will not discuss these questions today."

* Yankee Mickey Mantle, Cardinal Stan Musial, Boston's Ted Williams.

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MEDICINE

How Much, How Soon?

Is the U.S. spending enough money on lifesaving medical research? Could such killing and crippling diseases as cancer, heart disorders, arthritis and mental illness be brought under swift control by a crash program like World War II's Manhattan Project? What should be the Federal Government's share in financing research? Informed answers to these questions—literally, matters of life and death for millions—came this week from a committee set up a year ago by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Chaired by Louisiana-born Dr. Stanhope Bayne-Jones, 69, onetime dean of the Yale School of Medicine and lately boss of Army medical research, the committee concluded that things are pretty good now, but the explosive expansion of the last decade in outlays for medical research must go on at least until 1970. The goal then: \$900 million to \$1 billion a year. In effect: no blitz, but a powerhouse drive down the field.

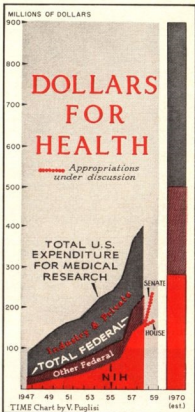
In ten years, the U.S. has multiplied its total outlays for medical research by a factor of four (see diagram). The sum will reach at least \$400 million in 1958, including \$200 million in congressional appropriations, \$130 million spent by industry, \$50 million by foundations, voluntary health associations, universities and their medical schools. Is this enough? For the present, yes was the consensus of the experts quizzed by Bayne-Jones's group. Or as Dr. James A. Shannon, director of the National Institutes of Health (which handles 70% of the Government's outlays in this field), last year told Congress: "For the first time in the history of medical research, the limitation on progress is due more to [shortage of] manpower than moneys available."

A Baby in a Month? If a crash program, atomic style, could get started, would it pay off? Probably not, according to President John T. Connor of New Jersey's Merck & Co., Inc. (TIME, Aug. 18, 1952), who gave the committee the results of his company's private survey: "There is real concern that the public is being misled into believing that you can buy discovery with money, that nine times as much money will cure nine times as many diseases or one disease in one-ninth the time. As one of those interviewed put it, 'You can't produce a baby in one month simply by making nine women pregnant.'"

The Bayne-Jones committee grasped unflinchingly the prickly questions of how good a job the Government agencies are doing and whether there is a danger in letting Big Government get a still bigger role in research. (Its share of costs has zoomed from 32% to more than 50% in ten years.) On the first score the committee concluded: NIH has done a generally excellent job; its system of making grants to universities and independent medical schools and research groups (TIME, Nov.

18) has avoided "the twin dangers of bureaucratic interference with science, leading to loss of freedom by scientists and universities, and of bureaucratic lassitude." But the committee warned that NIH should not go on expanding research inside its own walls, which now house 6,700 employees, including 900 M.D.s and Ph.D.s. Instead, it should boost its support to outside institutions.

A Doctor an Hour? But before anybody can boost research to rocket speeds, the committee pointed out, the U.S. must



more than double the number of people engaged in it—from 20,000 to 45,000. And this means not only more technicians but more physicians, whose training is long, costly and difficult. The U.S. must train 8,900 new M.D.s every year by 1970, as against 6,800 a year now—which will mean setting up 14 to 20 new medical schools. Personnel is already in hen's-teeth supply, causing barefaced piracy. Merck's Connor quoted one drug company's research director: "I have the greatest spy service in the Western Hemisphere. We scout people all the time. It's a dangerous game, but the stakes are high."

Last week the nation's outlay for medical research was sure of a gentle uplift from Congress, possibly much more. As against a total of \$211 million for NIH (\$153 million of it for research) in the fiscal year ended June 30, the House vot-

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ed \$219 million for NIH, while the Senate's bill called for an Everest ascent to \$321 million. At week's end House-Senate conferees were deadlocked, decided to take a two-week breather. But if the Senate prevailed over the House—even so far as to win a split-the-difference agreement—the nation's medical research outlays would be starting up the Himalayan curve recommended by Stanhope Bayne-Jones and his colleagues.

Four in One

Trouble with the many immunization shots now available for children is that if they are to be given separately, mother must make many trips taking the moppet to the doctor. Already standard as a way to get around the problem: three-in-one shots of DPT vaccine—against diphtheria, pertussis (whooping cough) and tetanus. Now the A.M.A. *Journal* reports that a four-in-one shot, with poliomyelitis vaccine added, has been tested successfully on more than 200 children.

A seven-doctor team, representing the Detroit Department of Health and Manufacturers Parke, Davis & Co., found that most children get the needed protection with three shots a month apart. But infants who start inoculations before they are six months old need four. Trade-named Quadrigen, the vaccine is expected to be available to doctors generally by the end of the year.

From a Japanese Garden

When Dr. Tadakatsu Tazaki, fired with ambition to find new antibiotics, visited Nagoya University (230 miles west of Tokyo) in 1952, one of the first things he did was to spoon up a sample of soil from the medical-compound garden. Hopefully, he labeled it K-2J, sent it to his ex-chief, Microbiologist Hamao Umezawa, at Tokyo University. There it became one of the 1,200 soil samples tested every year to see whether they harbor microbes capable of producing substances to kill other microbes.

Last week the payoff was reported at a two-day Manhattan medical meeting: kanamycin, an antibiotic developed from a microbe found in K-2J, has won quick renown. Like all potent drugs, it has its disadvantages (it must usually be given by injection, and long-continued heavy dosage may cause some degree of deafness). But it seems worthy to rank with the tetracyclines, which, after penicillin (still queen of antibiotics), are now the most-used antibiotics.

Especially valuable is kanamycin's effectiveness against strains of microbes, notably *Staphylococcus aureus*, that are resistant to the older antibiotics and have caused terrifying epidemics in many U.S. hospitals. Kanamycin got its acid test in such an outbreak in Houston (TIME, March 31): of 36 infants who got it, 28 recovered, including eleven who had been considered hopeless cases.

Research physicians from a dozen U.S. medical centers reporting on their studies with more than 500 patients expressed hope that kanamycin will also prove effective.



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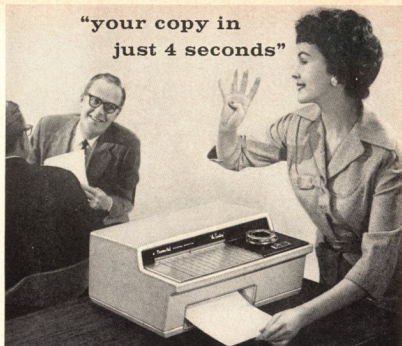
tive against many urinary-tract infections (common, stubborn and dangerous), and against tuberculosis—though precise assay of its usefulness against TB will take years. Also offered was evidence that kanamycin (released for general prescription last month, trade-named Kantrex by Bristol Laboratories) may prolong life and ease pain in cirrhosis of the liver.

Dimes, Right Wheel!

Over the neat signature of Lawyer Basil O'Connor, 66, its first and perennial president (since 1938), the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis sent out word last week that it will soon make "the first announcement of our plans" for a new program—now that victory over paralytic poliomyelitis has been substantially achieved. The plans, said O'Connor, "have been many years in the making." He might have added that ever since the Salk vaccine, developed with N.F.I.P. funds, was recognized as a weapon capable of preventing the worst ravages of polio, the roar of speculation about what the foundation would do next has been almost loud enough to drown out the annual March of Dimes (354 million this year).

But O'Connor's well-laid and supposedly secret plans had leaked in widening Manhattan medical circles. The marching dimes will right wheel. From facing an infectious disease and its complications, they will turn to attack arthritis and malformations that are present at birth. Though utterly different in origin, these disorders have something in common with paralytic polio—they cause long-term if not lifelong disablement, require vast sums for costly care of helpless victims. The N.F.I.P. sees these targets as first of a series, hopes to conquer them by the same blitz tactics that it used against polio, then move against other diseases that cause permanent disability—with its resulting family and social problems.

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THEATER



PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL MESMERIZING RIVER CITY
Does he rebuckle his knickerbockers below the knee?

Friedman-Abeles

Pied Piper of Broadway

(See Cover)

The curtain drops at 11:05. The pit orchestra swings into a blasting reprise of the show's big tune, a walloping march called *Seventy-Six Trombones*. The audience applauds. Up goes the curtain again. And onstage for the curtain call through the 67 men, women, boys and girls of the cast—the folks of River City, Iowa ("pop. 2,212"), in the summer of 1912. Marching two by two they go, first to one side, then to the other, and then back again. They pantomime the players of a big brass band—trombones sliding, cornets flashing, cymbals smashing, piccolos chirping, wood winds whining, drumheads cracking. The music bugles in smashing thunderclaps.

Abruptly, as if by some magical cue from the conductor, the 1,695 hypnotized customers in the audience begin to slam their hands together in rhythm to the march. The music wells, and the actors turn, dip, twist and prance. The applause pounds on in martial time as, a-tatatatat, a-tatatatat, the music pours up from the pit and gilds the hall with shimmering sheets of brass. At last the house lights come on, and the customers shoulder their way to the door, hands burning and hearts still tingling with a rediscovery of a by-gone Fourth of July—a time when the franks were fat and hot and the firecrackers spat showers of sparks and the drum major's spinning baton flashed in the sun, and the grass in the park felt as soft as corn silk underfoot. Since opening night last Dec. 19, every audience has reacted in this same wholehearted way to *The Music Man*, Broadway's biggest musical hit.

Plot for a Graveyard. Some smart Broadway money was betting that *Music Man* would fall flat on its corn husks when it opened at the Majestic Theater. By Broadway standards, it is simple-

minded and unsophisticated. It is also warmhearted, brilliantly performed and a lot of fun. The *Music Man* is Professor Harold Hill, a glib-tongued, fast-footed, woman-chasing rascal of a traveling salesman from Gary, Ind., who bursts into staid River City, charms a frozen-faced populace into digging into their cookie jars and mattresses to buy instruments and uniforms for a boys' marching band that will be led by Professor Hill himself. The show winds up with an enlivened townsfolk who know the score, and a mildly reformed Pied Piper who has scored with the pretty librarian.

Before opening night, this sort of plot was regarded by Broadway wisecracks as something that belongs in the theatrical graveyard. But when the opening-night curtain fell, most critics were ecstatic. "Marvelous," said the *New York Times*'s Brooks Atkinson. "If Mark Twain could

have collaborated with Vachel Lindsay, they might have devised a rhythmic lark like *The Music Man*, which is as American as apple pie and a Fourth of July oration." Cheered the *Herald Tribune*'s Walter Kerr: "The brightest, breeziest, most winning new musical to come along since *My Fair Lady* enchanted us all. [It's] a wow. A nice wow."

By last week *The Music Man* was a well-established wow. Ticket-hungry New Yorkers and summer visitors swarmed around the box office at every performance, trying to wangle one or two seats in the orchestra (\$8.05)—or even a square foot of standing space (\$3). *The Music Man* was the toughest ticket in town, even harder to snag than *My Fair Lady*, and, for expense-account buyers, worth the \$50 scalpers' price.

Business was so good that the gross topped \$2,250,000 last week. The producers paid off the \$300,000 nut to 200 investors within four months of the opening, are now grossing \$70,000 a week, of which \$19,000 is clean profit. More than 20 different *Music Man* recordings are selling like pinwheels on the third of July. The marching band arrangement of *Seventy-Six Trombones* is already on the music racks of more than 6,000 brass bands across the U.S. And the ultimate recognition—from the business world—is already at the stage door: toy manufacturers want to make *Music Man* toys; clothing firms want to manufacture *Music Man* caps, shirts and sweaters.

Fat Lady & Barbershop Quartet. How could a show, blended with such fine old period pieces as a player piano, a sputtering mayor, a fat lady who dances, a plain-Jane librarian—even a redheaded lisping boy and a celluloid-dickeyed barbershop quartet—make the grade on coldhearted Broadway? Talent is only part of the answer. Many an able combination of stage talent has been hooted off the boards on opening night. In this case, there happened to be a just-right blending of first-rate talents.

Broadway's top producer this season,



Sy Friedman

PRODUCER BLOOMGARDEN

"The job of the theater ...



COMPOSER WILLSON (AT MASON CITY HOMECOMING)

... is not to feed pessimism ...

53-year-old Kermit (*Look Homeward, Angel*) Bloomgarden (*TIME*, April 21), had the good fortune to form a team of three men with widely varied experience in show business: Composer (*You and I, Two in Love*) and oldtime Radio Performer Meredith Willson, 56, the jovial Iowan who in his first try for the theater wrote book, music and lyrics; Director (*No Time for Sergeants, Auntie Mame*) Morton Da Costa, 44, who gave the show its sparkle and pace; and the Music Man himself, longtime Cinemactor Robert Preston, 40, known vaguely to millions of moviegoers for years as the handsome, thick-browed heavy of B pictures who rarely got the girl.

There is nothing heavy about Bob Preston's Music Man. Feathery-footed, nimble-fingered, he is brassy, sassy and seemingly inexhaustible. Setting his style in his first big scene, he pounces on River City, peopled by folk straight out of Grant Wood's famed painting, *American Gothic* (one farm couple, in fact, gives a hilarious imitation, pitchfork and all, of the pair in the painting). River Cityans are high-minded, self-righteous, and

*So by God stubborn we can stand
touchin' noses*

*For a week at a time and never see
eye-to-eye.*

Furthermore, some of the gossips regard Librarian-Piano Teacher Marian Paroo (Barbara Cook) as something of a hussy because she approves of such racy authors as "Chaucer, Rabelais and Balzac." In this setting of cornfield provincialism, the Music Man decides to stir up a little trouble to distract attention from his own shenanigans. His horrifying revelation to the townspeople: a pool table has been installed in the billiard parlor.

T Rhymes with P. Preston's rapid-fire recitative, backed only by orchestral chords, is a heady show-stopper. Weaving in and out among the townspeople, flipping his hands, posturing like a slicker, flicking his toes as if they were Satan's tail, he sows the seeds of *Trouble*.



Art Shay—Lure
(Ming)



DIRECTOR DA COSTA
... but to dispel it."

Bill Bridges



Sy Friedman

FIRST REHEARSAL OF RIVER CITY BOYS' BAND
Seventy-six trombones led the big parade.

*The first big step on the road to the
depths of deg-re-day—I say first—medicinal
wine from a teaspoon, then—beer
from a bottle! And the next thing you
know, your son is playin' fer money in a
pinch-back suit. And list'nin' to some big
out-a-town Jasper hearin' him tell about
horse-race gamblin'. Not a wholesome
trottin' race. No! But a race where they
set down right on the horse! Like to see
some stuck-up Jockey-boy settin' on Dan
Patch? . . . Trouble—oh, we've got Trouble,
right here in River City. Trouble
with a capital T and that rhymes with
P and that stands for Pool.*

*Mothers of River City! Watch for the
telltale signs of corruption. The moment
your son leaves the house does he re-
buckle his knickerbockers below the knee?
Is there a nicotine stain on his index finger?
A dime novel hidden in the corn crib?
Is he memorizing jokes out of Capt. Billy's
"Whiz Bang"? Are certain words
creeping into his conversation? Words
like "swell" and "so's your old man"? If
so, my friends—ya got Trouble . . .*

Soft Shoe & Music Lessons. By song's end, River City knows that it has trouble all right, and the audience knows that Bob Preston is the hottest performer on Broadway. Gliding tirelessly through scene after scene, he sings in an unpretentious, mellow baritone, turns *Seventy-Six Trombones* into as rapturous a piece of high-stepping bravura as ever brought down a house. His portrayal of a likable cad is a fine job of acting, but he does more than act and sing. He kicks a mean one-step, dances the Castle Walk. And in an inspired number that has already made Choreographer Onna White a big name on Broadway, he joins the dancing company in a soft-shoe, tippy-toe library ballet that is a triumph of precision and gaiety.

To sharp-eyed critics watching his performance, it was incredible that Actor

Robert Preston Meservy should have spent a dozen years as a second-string Hollywood leading man. Born of a French Huguenot and Irish line, Robert was two years old when his parents moved from Newton Highlands, Mass. to the going-to-seed Lincoln Heights section of Los Angeles. He grew up, among Italian and Mexican families, in a neighborhood dotted with rundown homes. But the Meservys were a close-knit unit. Bob's mother fed her family on music, and as a small boy Bob learned to play piano, drums, guitar, trumpet and harmonica. Neither Bob nor his younger brother Frank Jr. ever got into trouble, even though they ran about and made mischief with the neighborhood Mexican boys twice their ages.

Bob progressed rapidly in a school populated mostly by children who had difficulty with the English language. But there came a day when Ruth Meservy decided to switch her boys to another school. "For a while," says she, "they were speaking with an accent. They would say 'My mother, he is in the kitchen, and my father, she is at work.'" When he got to Lincoln High School, Bob caught the acting bug, and it was nourished by a Shakespeare-loving dramatics teacher named E. J. Wenig.

In 1936, with Wenig's encouragement, Preston began working at the Pasadena Playhouse, the West Coast's top acting school (fellow students: Victor Jory, Dana Andrews, Victor Mature). For a time, dedicated Actor Preston studied nights at the Playhouse, worked days as a car parker at Santa Anita Race Track. Then he switched to fulltime acting.

The Discovery. One part—the down-at-heel song-and-dance man in a Playhouse production of *Idiot's Delight*—caught the eye of a Paramount executive and with the Meservy name chopped out of his professional life, Robert Preston



WITH INDIAN, GODDARD & DEMILLE IN "NORTHWEST MOUNTED" REHEARSAL



WITH LAMOUR IN "TYPHOON"



WITH COOPER IN "BEAU GESTE"
Heavy in the movies.

was making "18-day wonders," as the B pictures were called. He was a sailor in *The King of Alcatraz* ("Mercifully," he says, "yet to be released on TV"), a truck driver in *Illegal Traffic*, a lawyer in *Disbarred*. A success of sorts, he married a Playhouse actress, pretty, dark-haired Catherine Feltus, settled down in a big Brentwood house that had a swimming pool in the backyard and nothing but a bed and a card table inside.

Preston's first big movie role was the villain in *Union Pacific*, a cinemepic produced by Cecil B. DeMille. The DeMille-Preston relationship deteriorated when Preston played in his second DeMille thriller, *Northwest Mounted Police*. Preston did not like the script and said so, out loud, to DeMille. "What's the matter?" snapped DeMille. "It's the same part you had in *Union Pacific*, isn't it?"

Fortunately, Preston was able to get professional satisfaction outside the movies. Along with other Pasadena Playhouse veterans and their wives, he was a member of the "18 Actors," who staged serious plays for serious playgoers, kept up the work straight through his movie career. After a three-year hitch with the Army Air Forces (captain, Intelligence, Ninth Air Force), Bob turned out another clutch of movies (*The Macomber Affair*, *Face to Face*), but was still dissatisfied. "All the scripts I got," he says, "went first to Fred MacMurray, and if he didn't want them, they went to Ray Milland, and then to me. After me, it was the end of the line."

Preston got off the line and switched to Broadway seven years ago. Most of his eight plays (notable exceptions: revivals of *The Male Animal* and *Twentieth Century*) have been financial flops, but Preston himself won good notices from the critics. Nonetheless, he was still relatively unknown in New York until Meredith Willson came along with *The Music Man*.

White Knight. Willson, all through his years as a professional musician—flutist with John Philip Sousa's band and with Toscanini's orchestra, composer of symphonies and pop songs, orchestra leader

on radio shows—was collecting the satchelful of songs, story ideas and folklore about his home town of Mason City, Iowa.

His father was a moderately successful lawyer who had the idea that Iowa was going to become a wasteland, made plans to move out of the state and raise nuts somewhere; but he stayed. Meredith's mother Rosalie, a Sunday-school superintendent for 40 years, nicknamed him "Glory" because he always had a smile on his face. Rosalie acted in amateur plays—a daring hobby at the time—and grew lilies of the valley on the north side of the house. She kept Lorna Doone and Tennyson within easy reach of the Willson children, and dressed curly-haired Meredith in a black velvet Fauntleroy suit on the occasions when he spoke a piece at the Congregational Sunday School. Willson admits that *The Music Man*'s heroine Marian is modeled after his mother; he wrote a warm, lyrical ballad for Soprano Barbara Cook that he feels captures Rosalie's image:

*My White Knight—
Not a Lancet, nor an angel with
wings,
Just someone to love me
Who is not ashamed of a few nice
things . . .
And if occasion'll he'd ponder
What makes Shakespeare and Bee-
thoven great,
Him I could love till I die
Him I could love till I die . . .*

Willson lugged his memory-bag of "innocent Iowa" around for years, discussing it with producers, writing new material, throwing away songs, dashing off new ones. In 1956 Producer Bloomgarden told him that he would like to see the script. A year later, Willson called Bloomgarden from Hollywood. Says Bloomgarden: "I said to myself, 'Willson? Who the hell is



Walter Doran

THE PRESTONS AT HOME
Feathery-footed on Broadway.

Willson?" But I told him that if I could hear it the next day I'd be free." Willson and his wife Rini took a plane for New York. Next night they met Bloomgarden at the apartment of Conductor Herbert Greene, who is a co-producer and musical director of the show. Willson played the piano and sang the male parts while Rini sang the female roles. They wound up at 5 a.m. At 9 a.m. Bloomgarden called Willson at his hotel and said: "May I have the honor of producing your beautiful play?"

Open Face & Big Frustration. Bloomgarden called in Director Da Costa and set to work casting the show. Barbara Cook (*Plain and Fancy*) had just the right sweet voice to play Marian; Comedian David Burns was a natural for the wacky mayor; an international championship barbershop quartet, the Buffalo Bills, was signed to harmonize the *Sweet Adeline*-style love songs that reminded Willson of Mason City days; a ten-year-old charmer named Eddie Hodges took on the role of Marian's shy little brother.

Finding the man to play Harold Hill was a more complicated problem. Television Comic Milton Berle wanted the part. TV Actor Art Carney was considered, and so was Dancer Ray Bolger. Da Costa had seen Robert Preston in a few summer stock shows; Bloomgarden, too, knew Preston's work. Says Da Costa: "Preston has energy and he has reality. He's an actor who can project himself larger than life. And he has enough sureness of technique and enough urbanity to portray the con man and the opportunist without resorting to a wax mustache. The part calls for a guy with an open face and a great big frustration which he can satisfy only by taking the easy way out—conning people."

Preston tried out first for Da Costa and Bloomgarden, and his version of *Trouble*—the toughest song in the show—sold them. Next, they had to sell Willson. Willson heard *Trouble* and bought.

Trouble was a song, but it was also a shadow on the show. For all his big-money-making successes on Broadway, Bloomgarden had to scrounge to find the \$300,000 producing tab. He thought that the Columbia Broadcasting System would jump for *The Music Man*. CBS had made a mountain of money investing in hit shows and pressing musical albums; e.g., the company footed the \$400,000 bill for *My Fair Lady*, collected both royalties and extra profits from the smash sale of *My Fair Lady* recordings. "These CBS executives filed in and sat down," Bloomgarden recalls. "They were cold and serious. Meredith went over to the piano and did *Trouble*. They just sat there without cracking a smile. Then Meredith did some other numbers from the show. They still sat on their hands. They thought it was corny. Meredith and I were absolutely miserable." Bloomgarden tried NBC, Decca Records and a flock of other big-time investors, but it was no sale. After nearly six months of plugging, he finally raised the money piecemeal, including \$1,000 of it from *Music Man*'s



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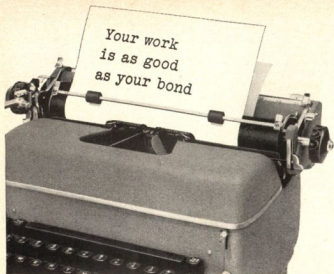
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pressagent, Arthur Cantor, who is now happily collecting at 10 for 1.

The Show. With money and a cast, the show still had a long way to go. Willson's script needed cutting and shaping to give it a nonstop lilt and easy movement. Director Da Costa, a craftsman who has worked quietly in the theater for more than 20 years, buckled down. Says he: "I thought the time had come to send the public out of the theater light-hearted instead of depressed. I wanted this to come off as a story about a charming renegade who reforms, a show with a lot of love and no hate, one that a sophisticated viewer could see with pleasure and that a child could watch with understanding." The cast also credits Da Costa—as well as Preston—for having welded the troupe into one of Broadway's happiest companies.

Among the best of Da Costa's touches is the train scene: in a railroad car are nine traveling salesmen, some playing cards, others reading newspapers—the *Wall Street Journal*, selected by Da Costa as perfect for 1912 typography and make-up. During the long weeks of rehearsals, the salesmen, backed by a full orchestra, chanted an intricate number called *Rock Island*, passing phrases from one to the other in complex antiphony. As they spoke, the rhythms changed, grew faster and faster in time to the clackety-clack of the train:

Cash for the merchandise—cash for the button-hooks—

Cash for the cotton goods—cash for the hard goods—cash for the soft goods...

Cash for the hoghead, cash and demijohn. Cash for the crackers and the pickles and the fly-paper.

Look whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk, whadayatalk... .

In Philadelphia tryouts, audiences remained cold to this opening. Instead of throwing out the scene, Da Costa had a brainstorm: he threw out the orchestra.

This ear-catcher, signaled by a blast of steam, is *The Music Man's* curtain-raiser, an invitation for the audience to visit River City, and an underscoring of Director Da Costa's feeling that "the job of the theater is not to feed pessimism but to dispel it."

It is a quality that bombards the customers as they settle down to hear the rousing overture of the show, a quality that wreathes the Majestic Theater with a sunny-day-at-the-farm euphoria. In a fat Broadway season whose successes deal so clinically with such subjects as marital frustration, alcoholism, dope addiction, juvenile delinquency and abortion, *The Music Man* is a monument to golden unpretentiousness and wholesome fun—one of the happiest chemical explosions to hit the street since John Philip Sousa himself marched grandly into town, as the *Music Man* says, when

Seventy-six trombones led the big parade

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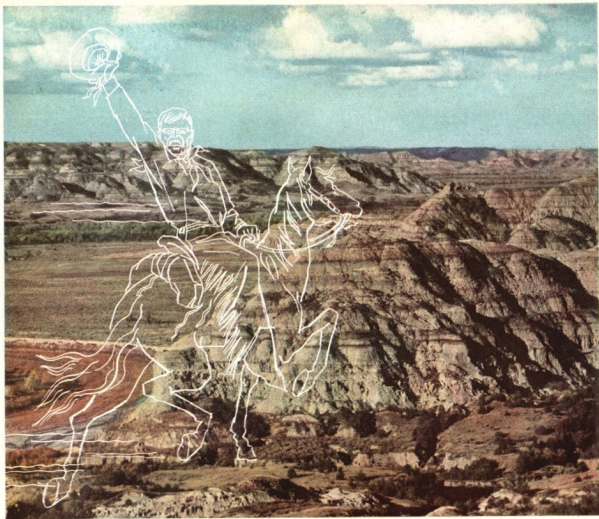


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This is the centennial of T.R.'s birth: if he were around today, he'd be "dec-lighted" that the conservation policies he fostered have been so wisely continued. He knew America would always need breathing space, open waters and green, growing forest — the heart lifting glories of Nature that men must have to grow strong and great.

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RELIGION

Piracy in Piety

The celebrated shrine at Lourdes is the No. 1 pilgrimage center in Christendom, but the town of Lourdes exploits the shrine's fame with a brazen tastelessness that is alarming French churchmen. Chief offenders are the dealers in pious objects. In Lourdes, a Pyrenees town of only 16,000 inhabitants but more than 600 hotels, some 580 of the total 710 businesses deal solely in these gimmicky souvenirs of St. Bernadette Soubirous. Samples: neckties that glow at night with Bernadette's image, washable plastic Virgins in every size, corkscrews in the shape of Bernadette adorning the Virgin, fountain pens with peep-show Virgins in place of the usual naked woman, three-minute hourglasses embossed with Bernadette telling the Virgin how to time eggs.

Blessed Candy. Even the waters that flow from taps in the Grotto are exploited. "Go drink at the fountain and there wash yourself," Bernadette is said to have admonished after reporting that the Virgin had appeared to her in the Grotto. Merchants have not forgotten a word of it: they sell plastic bottles artfully shaped like Bernadette or the Virgin for carrying off the water, Bernadette-imprinted soap for washing in it. Other "water" items: perfume, throat lozenges, cakes and candy advertised as "made from water blessed by the Holy Father." One ad agency is talking of hiring an airplane to skywrite ads for its clients' products directly above the shrine.

Ever since his installation in 1947, Bishop Pierre Marie Théas of Tarbes and Lourdes has battled Lourdes' trashy commercialism. "I am not the bishop of Babylon," he said. He removed hundreds of crutches that once littered the Grotto and restored much of the cave's original rocky austerity. Last week Bishop Théas struck hard at the exploiters of the Grotto's waters. His edict: "In no manner must it be commercialized. The Grotto water is foredestined to be drunk and to be washed in. It can be so used at Lourdes or at home, but always with religious respect."

No Collusion. But outside the shrine's gates, the bishop has no power. "He is not master of the situation," admitted Father Emile Gabel, secretary of Lourdes International Information Center, and added that despite constant allegations in the anticlerical press that the church gets a rake-off from Lourdes merchants, "there is absolutely no collusion between the bishop and the city." (The church's only income from the shrine: \$500,000 yearly from Grotto collection boxes and sale of religious books, all used to maintain the buildings.) As for the pious objects, "we cannot suppress bad taste," said Father Gabel. "But we will advise against them, trusting that Lourdes businessmen, like film producers in America, will see the error of their ways."

Lourdes hucksters gave no sign that

they saw any such error. In this centennial year, pilgrims are expected to spend more than \$700 million on pious objects. Even the smallest shop near the shrine is estimated to be worth almost \$200,000 to its owner. Lourdes has now even put hinges on its street signs to reroute traffic through a different area of town every two weeks so as to give each merchant an equal crack at the pilgrims.

Zen: Beat & Square

Zen Buddhism is growing more chic by the minute. Latest evidence: the summer issue of *Chicago Review*, which contains nine articles on the subject, a poem, and an excerpt from Zen-loving, "beat"



ZENIST WATTS

Like a pingpong ball on a stream.

Novelist Jack (*On the Road*) Kerouac's forthcoming *The Dharma Bums*. Begins Kerouac: "LET THERE BE BLOWING-OUT AND BLISS FOREVERMORE."

Long rooted in Japan, Zen is an ancient Chinese technique of mind-breaking discipline aimed at freeing the will. All things bubble along in one interrelated continuum, says Zen. Why try to "grasp" or "stop" them? The real problem is spontaneity: how to "let go" and "go with" the permanent impermanence. The Zen disciple must destroy his ego-consciousness, until his real self calmly floats on the world's confusion like a pingpong ball skimming down a mountain stream.

For Anglo-Saxons, says Author Alan W. Watts, former Anglican priest and a leading U.S. exponent of Zen, the main obstacle to the achievement of Zen's peace is an inability to purge themselves of the need for self-justification. This

urge to prove oneself right "has always jiggled the Chinese sense of the ludicrous." The Chinese rated human-heartedness ahead of righteousness, felt that one could not be right without also being wrong. "At the roots of Chinese life there is a trust in the good-and-evil of one's own nature which is peculiarly foreign to those brought up with the chronic uneasy conscience of the Hebrew-Christian cultures."

Floating on the Ocean. Watts feels that Westerners are attracted by Zen partly because it shuns supernaturalism. "In Zen the *satori* experience of awakening to our 'original inseparability' with the universe seems, however elusive, always just around the corner. One has even met people to whom it has happened, and they are no longer mysterious occultists in the Himalayas nor skinny yogis in cloistered *ashrams*. They are just like us, and yet much more at home in the world, floating much more easily upon the ocean of transience and insecurity."

But for the Westerner who would understand Zen, there is one prerequisite: "He must really have come to terms with the Lord God Jehovah and with his Hebrew-Christian conscience so that he can take it or leave it without fear of rebellion. He must be free of the itch to justify himself. Lacking this, his Zen will be either 'beat' or 'square,' either a revolt from the culture and social order or a new form of stuffiness and respectability."

No Fuss. The Beat Generation have Zen wrong. "Because Zen truly surpasses convention and its values, it has no need to say 'To hell with it,' nor to underline with violence the fact that anything goes." Square Zen is just as far off the true beam. It is "the Zen of established tradition in Japan, with its clearly defined hierarchy, its rigid discipline, and its specific tests of *satori*." Though far better than "the common-or-garden squareness of the Rotary Club or the Presbyterian Church . . . it is still square because it is a quest for the right spiritual experience, for a *satori* which will receive the stamp of approved and established authority. There will even be certificates to hang on the wall."

The Zen of the old Chinese masters, says Watts, was *wu-shih*, which means "nothing special," or "no fuss." Bohemian affectations or monastery meditations are both forms of fuss, "and I will admit that the very hullabaloo about Zen, even in such an article as this, is also fuss—but a little less so."

Concludes Watts: "Having said that, I would like to say something for all Zen fussers, beat or square. Fuss is all right, too. If you are hung on Zen, there's no need to try to pretend that you are not. If you really want to spend some years in a Japanese monastery, there is no earthly reason why you shouldn't. Or if you want to spend your time hopping freight cars and digging Charlie Parker, it's a free country. In the landscape of Spring there is neither better nor worse; The flowering branches grow naturally, some long, some short."

Peeved Parent

Required by the church to send their children to parochial schools whenever possible, Roman Catholic parents are not always happy about them. Last week the Jesuit weekly *America* printed a long letter from Mrs. James R. Cronin, 31, wife of a roofing contractor and onetime Chicago reporter, who has four children in St. Philip Neri School on Chicago's South Side. Not all of Pat Cronin's grievances were major, but many would probably be recognized by other Catholic mothers. Items:

¶ "Why ask an eighth grader in a questionnaire: 'Do you think your parents are too strict? Or do you think your parents are too lenient? Give the reasons why.' . . . Frankly, I don't think it's

raffles, candy and cookie sales, statues and holy cards and rosaries to buy: you name it, Sister thought of it last week. (As I understand the parade, the children march around the room, dropping pennies in the mission bank until they run out of funds, the object being, of course, to stay on their feet.) For the upper grades, the approach is more subtle. You forgot your tie? Put a quarter in the bank or stay after school. And this is really ingenious: Sister 'sells' the desks to the class by way of an auction. You want a certain seat, you bid dimes and quarters against your classmates. Winner gets the desired seat, missions get the money, parents end up screaming."

¶ "Worthy of another article and somebody's research time would be a look inside their [text] books. You would be

Concluded Mrs. Cronin: "If anybody has the answers, please—write, wire, phone. Do something!"

"Bless you, Mrs. Cronin; you have compiled the best list of contributing causes to teachers' headaches that I have seen in a long time," wrote Sister Mary Ransom, dean of Louisville's Nazareth College, in a not entirely convincing reply. Sister Mary's points: 1) questionnaires are an attempt to find out which children suffer from unhappy homes and thus enable the church to offer help; 2) play costumes are costly and so too are the increasing number of lay teachers needed in growing parochial schools; 3) mission collections teach children to make sacrifices; 4) Mrs. Cronin could help improve her children's textbooks by working with Parent-Teacher Associations; 5) if the play nets enough to pay an additional teacher next year, the doubled-up class may be separated—if another classroom is available ("This is a national problem, as you must know"). Concluded Sister Mary: "The Sisters would be jubilant if they discovered that from now on they are to be free to teach."

Words & Works

¶ "In America, Christianity faces the danger of becoming a utilitarian faith, a faith that is practiced for the sake of getting something here and now," said Yale University's H. Richard Niebuhr, professor of theology, in a lecture at the University of Michigan. A utilitarian faith, declared Theologian Niebuhr (brother of Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr), is "the kind that says it is a good thing to believe in God because it will make you prosperous. A utilitarian faith takes the form of mental health. It allays anxiety. It makes you feel as you feel when you've had a good hot bath. This is the adjustment of religion to the American way of life, to the refrigerator and the Cadillac way of life. This kind of faith never says: 'I tremble for my country because God is just.'"

¶ The State Department ended the academic stir caused by Protestant-oriented Harvard Divinity School's recent appointment of British Historian Christopher Dawson to a new chair in Roman Catholic studies. The department denied Dawson a visa—"for a strictly medical reason," which it refused to disclose. The reason: pulmonary tuberculosis, diagnosed by a U.S. Public Health physician who examined Dawson, 68, in London. Dawson's British physicians disagree with the diagnosis, have given him a clean bill of health, which he still hopes may change the State Department's mind.

¶ Chicago gave Evangelist Billy Graham a cold shoulder last week. After a poll on whether to sponsor a Graham crusade, the Church Federation of Greater Chicago reported that church bodies representing 338,000 members were in favor—but those representing 693,000 members stood opposed or uncommitted, mainly on the ground that mass meetings give an incomplete presentation of Protestantism. Decision: no invitation for Billy.



Arthur Siegel

MRS. CRONIN & CHILDREN
Some parents end up screaming.

anybody's business how we handle our children; especially, it is not for our 13-year-old daughter to sit down and ponder and write about her parents' at-home techniques. Suppose she decides we are entirely too strict. Does she call us into the living room for a friendly but constructive chat, or does she discuss us with her teacher—or what?

¶ "On to the school play, which was really excellent—but costly! We spent, for a patron's contribution and tickets and costumes for four, \$26.40. Isn't that steep? Does the same thing happen in public schools? Was it really good to have the schoolchildren in their uniforms seek patrons from among the neighboring store owners, mostly men of other faiths? This money goes, I understand, for lay teachers' salaries. Surely there is another way to raise such funds; it isn't up to the children, is it?"

¶ "Speaking of matters monetary, what's with the missions? They must be perking, if all the lower grades are as busy in their behalf as ours. There are penny parades,

amazed at the influence of Catholicism on American history. Jamestown and the Puritans are strictly underplayed; what counts is the early missionary activity. Even geography takes on Catholic overtones, and at our house we are still trying to answer one quiz question, 'Who discovered St. Anthony's Falls?'"

¶ "The mention of books leads to homework: Where is it? When I finally asked one Sister why there couldn't be more of it (hard-hearted mother!), she explained that hers is a split class: two grades in one room. She teaches one class in the morning and assigns 'homework' for the afternoon, when she teaches the other class. If I understand the procedure, some of our children actually attend school for one-half of the day. . . . No wonder we often sense a lack of discipline when the children report the day's activities!"

© The Falls of St. Anthony in Minneapolis were discovered and named by Franciscan Father Louis Hennepin in 1680.

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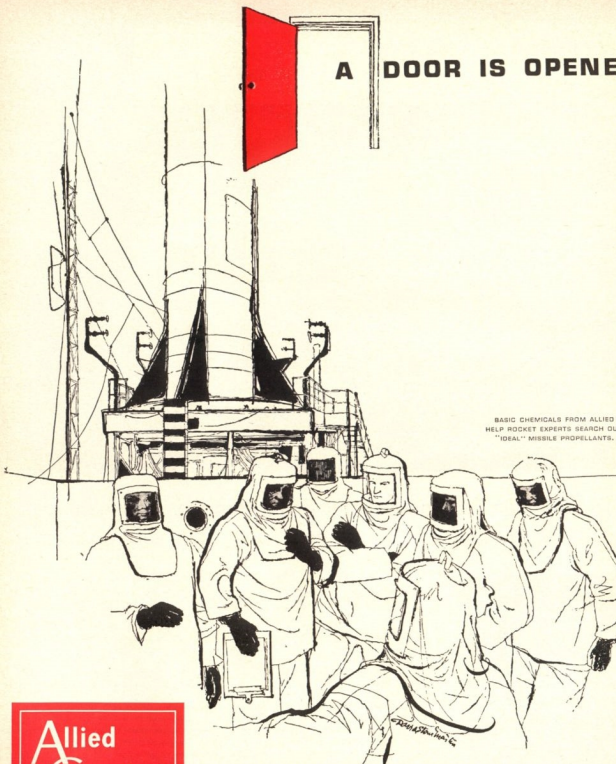
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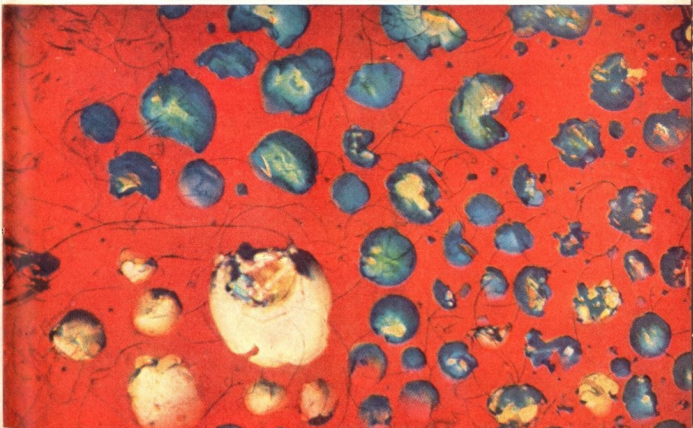
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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the New York Daily News:

MISSILE IS A SUCCESS
TO ALL BUT THE MOUSE

Amateur Editor

Virginia Beach, Va. was once a quiet seaside town where the middling rich of Princess Anne County and nearby Norfolk went to bathe and sun. But 25 years back, the quiet town was invaded. Garish clubs sprang up along the beach, and gambling tables ran far into the night, presided over by burly, heavy-set men in sharp suits and loud ties. The town's old inhabitants protested, but the local Kellam political machine blandly looked the other way. Six years ago one scrappy, stubborn real-estate man named Joseph Wilcox Dunn finally got so mad that he started his own weekly, called it the *Princess Anne Free Press*, set the slogan, "The Truth Shall Make You Free," in his masthead, and grimly set to work.

Nine Brothers. The amateur editor had picked a formidable foe. Tied to the state organization of Senator Harry Byrd, the Kellam machine was formed by nine brothers, headed by Sidney Kellam, long-time county treasurer, and Floyd Kellam, circuit judge in the area, with the power to appoint various commissions.

Week after week Editor Dunn rammed home his message: the Kellams were letting corruption fester in Princess Anne County. He ran a regular "Clubs and the Law" column that named racketeers and pinpointed the clubs they visited. When the machine-controlled Virginia Beach *Sun-News* reported a gathering of racketeers, politicians and their ladies as a social item, Dunn printed a guest list, helpfully followed each racketeer's name with his criminal record. Says Dunn: "I put their hoodlum rats around the necks of the politicians and in their pockets."

Blackjacks & Threats. His enemies fought back, sometimes cleverly, sometimes crudely. Four libel suits were filed against him for a total of \$175,000; Dunn won two and the other two were dropped. Voices on the phone snapped, "Lay off the clubs or I'll kill you." In 1955 Dunn was blackjacked. A few days later, an ex-Marine boxer told him that he had been offered \$500 by the chief of police to give him a beating. At the trial of the police chief (on a charge of soliciting a person to commit a felony), Brother Richard Kellam handled the defense. The Kellam-backed commonwealth's attorney did not allow Dunn to take the stand, and Kellam-supported Police Justice Eugene Gresham did not permit Dunn's lawyer to address the court. The chief was acquitted.

But Editor Dunn, 59, an ex-University of Virginia halfback and baseball captain, landed some blows of his own. When the machine's *Sun-News* called him a liar, Dunn sued for libel, won a verdict (still under appeal) of \$65,000—largest in the



EDITOR DUNN
For courage in journalism.

state's history. And though the Kellams stayed in power, the gamblers gradually began to leave Virginia Beach.

This week resolute Editor Dunn got his reward: the 1958 Elijah P. Lovejoy* Award for Courage in Journalism from Southern Illinois University. Said the citation: Dunn "exemplifies the courage and devotion to the public welfare which is the crowning glory of the weekly newspaper editor in America."

With the Teamsters' Help

The stakes were high. When the local unit of the American Newspaper Guild struck last month against the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of Walter Annenberg's Triangle Publications, the newsmen's union was fighting for survival in the city. With the *Bulletin* unorganized and a suspended contract at the *Daily News*, the *Inquirer* was the Guild's last stronghold in Philadelphia.

But under the pressures of the strike, Guild members were soon fighting one another. Some 15% of the membership on the *Inquirer* drifted back to work. Helped by a strike of the Teamsters (TIME, June 23) that bottled up the *Inquirer's* distribution, the Guild grimly put pressure on the defectors. Soundtrucks, parked near their homes, blared: "Your neighbor is a scab. He has sold 650 striking co-workers down the river." Pressure of a still grimmer kind was applied to *Inquirer* Movie Critic Mildred Martin, widow of Newsman Linton Martin. She got one phone call from a man who said: "This is Linton. Come down and see me soon."

Even after settling with the *Inquirer* last month, the Teamsters continued to give firm support to the Guild, refused to cross

* Named for an ardent abolitionist editor in Alton, Ill. who was killed by a mob in 1837 when he defied demands to stop publication.

its picket line to go back to work. The Teamsters thereby limited the *Inquirer* to lobby sales averaging 19,000 v. normal circulation of 619,054.

Last week, after 38 bitter days, *Inquirer* and Guild finally came to terms. The Guild won a pay raise (\$3-\$5 a week for the next year) plus an arbitration clause for disputed firings, a shield against anticipated cutbacks. But when the workers returned to their jobs, they found new work schedules that penalized strikers in favor of strikebreakers; e.g., Amusement Page Editor Henry Murdock was assigned to work for Reviewer Barbara Wilson, a former subordinate who had been given his editorship. The Teamsters threatened to walk out once more unless the old assignments were reinstated.

Faced with the Teamsters' ultimatum, the *Inquirer's* management quickly gave in, put strikers back in their old jobs. At week's end, the *Daily News*, also owned by Triangle, announced restoration of the Guild's old contract, agreed to negotiate a new one. Saved by the heavy hand of the Teamsters, the Guild was back in business in Philadelphia.

Old Orient Hand

The best old newspaper in Thailand is edited by a wiry, wearily patient American named Darrell Berrigan. An expatriate newsmen and longtime resident of Bangkok, Berrigan got his newspaper last year through an orientally inscrutable tactic—he wrote a magazine article charging that Thailand's chief cop, General Phao Sriyanond, was also Thailand's biggest opium smuggler. General Phao was impressed. With characteristic Thai logic, he apparently reasoned that any newsmen intimate enough with the country's boatmen, taxi drivers, prostitutes and businessmen to put together such a report would make an ideal editor. Phao hired Berrigan to edit his newly founded Bangkok *World*—printed in English, because English is the second tongue of educated Thais and self-respecting Thai strongmen.

Phao was unceremoniously kicked out of the country in 1957. But before he left, he thoughtfully put aside funds—things are like that in Thailand—for Berrigan to keep going until he could scrape together enough money to buy control of the *World* for himself. Today Berrigan is such a national institution that diplomats phone him openly for guidance, and Thai officials consult him on politics—foreign and domestic. What is more, by his wit and wits, Editor Berrigan has turned his *World* into one of the genuinely cultured pearls of the East.

Play & Counterplay. Publishing an English-language paper in Thailand, Berrigan frequently has to carry the *World*, Atlas-like, on his back. His 43 Thai compositors hand-set every word of the ten-page paper, and since they speak no English, regularly speckle the *World* with gaudy and sometimes bawdy typos. His general manager is a converted taxi driver; his star photographer was once his houseboy. Worst of all, most of Berrigan's Thai reporters cannot write English. After they cover a story, Berrigan has to



EDITOR BERRIGAN & STAFFER
His World is well Oriented.

debrief them in a game of delicate play and diffident counterplay. Sample:

Berrigan: Where've you been?

Reporter: We go Sanam Luang [site of an election rally].

Berrigan: What did you do?

Reporter: We look look all the Sanam Luang.

Berrigan: Did you see something?

Reporter: Yes, but I don't know what.

"No one would believe you can run a newspaper this way," muses Expatriate Berrigan. "But it's the most satisfying work I've ever done." Last week, as he patched up staff quarrels over slugs of *mekong* (raw, locally made liquor), Berrigan could take consolation from the fact that the *World* was at least regularly in the black, would soon move into new quarters equipped with two second-hand typesetting Monotype machines.

Column of Whimsy. In the Orient, competition among syndicates and news services has cut prices so low that Berrigan can afford to give his 3,500 readers the biggest names in the business: the Associated Press, United Press International and Reuters; Editorial Cartoonist Herblock; Columnists Art Buchwald, Sylvia Porter, Walter Lippmann and Joe Alsop; *Pogo* and *Steve Canyon* comics. Berrigan runs no editorials, explains: "We give the news and let intelligent readers form their own opinions."

Six days a week Berrigan himself spins out a column of whimsy on such themes as Thailand's heat ("A neighbor's pig was unwise enough to walk into the sun, and the sun rendered him down to a shoat") and the pleasures of ignoring a watch ("We sit here thinking we have plenty of time because the sun is where it is, and the shadow of our pencil is falling at the plenty-of-time angle"). Occasionally Berrigan forgoes his humor, reports with fascination on subjects like dawn coming to a Thai village: "In the quiet hour before the sun bursts above the sur-

rounding trees, and the mystery is burned from the sky, the villager is closer to his God than when he kneels in the temple."

I Was There. Raised in California, Berrigan attended junior college in Bakersfield, worked restlessly as a factory hand in Detroit, schoolteacher in Colorado and a social worker in California, then started to make his way around the world as a freelance writer. In 1939 he landed in Shanghai flat-broke and wangled a job with the United Press. Except for brief trips back to the U.S., he has been in the Orient ever since. He spent two years reporting the Sino-Japanese War, then moved to Bangkok shortly before Pearl Harbor. When Thailand meekly surrendered to the Japanese, Berrigan's Thai friends hustled him aboard the last train out of the country, and a sympathetic Thai captain cleared his papers at the Chinese border. Berrigan has never forgotten that the Thais saved him from a prison camp.

Later in the war, Berrigan covered General Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers and General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's campaigns, filed some good I-was-there stories on the British retreat from Burma. Quitting U.P. in 1945, Berrigan freelanced around the Far East (*Saturday Evening Post*, New York *Times*) until he met General Phao and the *World* in Bangkok.

A bachelor, Berrigan works seven days a week "from early morning to early morning," is likely to show up at a dignified party in an outside, loud sports shirt, and is famed among Bangkok's beggars of high and low degree for being the softest touch in town. He plans to stay on indefinitely. "I went back to the U.S. in 1951," he explains, "but I could not get un-Oriented."

All that Jazz

In an idle hour, Jazz Columnist Ralph Gleason of the San Francisco *Chronicle* staged a tongue-in-cheek interview with a fictional hipster named Shorty Pederstein. His old friend, he reported, had deserted the beard-and-sandal set of the Beat Generation, now boasted a Nob Hill address, clean shaves and tennis togs.

Said Shorty of the new Up-Beat Generation: "We eschew the verbal shorthand popularly supposed to be the language of this in-group, and we reject the death-wish symbolism of the dark shirt and black stockings. The square has come full circle, so to speak. The hipster today is exactly what the tourist doesn't see. What he sees are the other-directed camp followers making themselves over in the image of an in-group they never knew."

Last week Gleason was gleefully passing around a story sent out by the local bureau of United Press International, which had bought the fake interview as the cool truth, and forthwith dispatched it without credit to Gleason's column. Said the U.P.I. story: "San Francisco's famed 'beatsters' are shaving off their beards, Jazz Musician Shorty Pederstein explains. 'The beard has lost its effect and is now respectable. To wear a beard is no distinction. Not to wear a beard is the strongest pattern of nonconformity.'"

Pressagent's Delight

Roy Harris, a heavyweight (6 ft., 195 lbs.) from Cut and Shoot, Texas, has fought 22 professional bouts and won them all, but he has never been seen either on TV or outside Texas. Last week, to stir the nation's interest in the new contender for the heavyweight crown (he is due to fight Champion Floyd Patterson in Los Angeles on Aug. 18), TelePromp-Ter Corp. offered a Texas junket to some of Yankeeland's top sportswriters. What the ringside pros saw left them happy, dazed, full of copy, and fat pigeons for TelePromp-Ter's pressagents.

Cut and Shoot proved to be a hamlet in the middle of a swampy, oil-rich wooded area known as the "Big Thicket." Its 194 inhabitants claim that "if you stand around long enough, you'll get cut; if you try to run, you'll get shot." The city-slicker writers found Roy a quiet, soft-spoken schoolteacher and ex-Army lieutenant living in a modern cottage on the Harris farm. Roy told them he was part Indian (Cherokee) and "I want to prove that I am a fighter and not a myth." They all dutifully wrote that down.

But it was life among Roy's relatives that staggered them. Less than 75 yds. from Roy's cottage stood the elder Harris' swamp-angel shack where, wrote the New York *Post*'s Milton Gross (a Brooklyn type), "you'll see barefooted and bare-backed kids wharfing and hollering through the woods and kittens feeding off their mothers in the front room. You'll see cattle and hound dogs and the head of an alligator long since gone. Chickens and hogs and rusty tin cans and discarded tires. You'll see garbage strewn on the ground, flies abounding in the rooms, roaches on the wall and the windows and doors wide open for more to come in."

Poor-Rumped Relatives. Every Harris relative proved a flack's bonanza. There was Roy's father, "Big Henry" Harris, a



William Cooksey—Houston Press
FIGHTER HARRIS & SPARRING MATE
Also fists, haws, knives and killers.



"EASTERNER"



"VIM" & "COLUMBIA"



Morris Rotenfeld; Associated Press
"WEATHERLY"

A hard-luck ship, a reconditioned veteran, a dashing favorite and an unknown factor.

237-lb., 47-year-old bear who has been called "the best fist, knee, knife and heel fighter in the territory." Big Henry raised his two sons, Roy and Tobe, as fighters, roamed saloons for daring comers, now tells Roy to whip Patterson "or I'll whup you."

There was Uncle Jack, who was once a character witness for a man accused of bootlegging. The court records in Montgomery County show that, asked how he made a living, Uncle Jack replied: "We are in the hawg business. We steal a few. We also makes a little whisky, dynamites fish, shoots any kind of game we pleases, runs rooster fights and pigfights, bulldogs and such. We gets by right-near the same as all these old poor-rumped people around here does." Asked how he knew the defendant stole hogs, the record's answer: "Because I sometimes hold 'em whilst he knocks 'em in the hair."

Killing for Defense. Minor characters of Cut and Shoot included Cousin Armadillo, who stays on the Harris farm because he likes it, is called "Armadillo" because he has killed (he claims) 6,632 of the little beasts and keeps their ears to prove it—and Uncle Bob, who killed a man. Explained Roy's brother Tobe: "This fellow decided to kill Uncle Bob. He and two pals caught Bob in a saloon. The fellow offered Bob a drink, and when Bob lifted it to his lips, he hit him in the head with an automobile wrench. Bob staggered, but he fought back and pulled the other fellow down on top of him for protection against the other two men. He reached into his pocket, pulled out his knife, then reached clear around the fellow's neck—and whoosh—cut his head off, so it was hanging only by a strip of skin." Uncle Bob went scot free when a jury found he had knifed in self-defense.

With all the barefooted kids, the moonshine, the crawling alligators, the cussin' and fightin' Harries, Yankee sportswriters were a happy bunch, and Roy Harris began to sound as though he might be a fair country fighter—at least good enough to challenge the so-so Patterson. Happiest of all was TelePrompTer President Irving

Kahn, who wants to sell 500,000 theater seats across the nation to cash in on his deal of an exclusive closed-circuit TV show of the Patterson-Harris fight, now seems in a fair way to do it.

Contenders for Defender

As 50-odd spectator boats rocked in the mildly choppy seas off Newport's Brenton Reef Lightship one morning last week, four sleek twelve-meters began the first of a series of races. Eight weeks from now, the winner will be named to defend the America's Cup against British challenger *Sceptre* (TIME, July 7).

Three of the four yachts were newly born, built especially for this event. Each was the product of minute designing and craftsmanship. The favorite: white-hulled *Columbia*, created by Olin Stephens, yachting's most successful designer in the last 20 years. *Columbia* was skippered by dashing Car and Yacht Racer Briggs Cunningham (TIME Cover, April 26, 1954), equipped with Ratsey sails made of a special new synthetic and financed by a New York Yacht Club syndicate headed by Manhattan financier Henry Sears.

Mahogany-varnished *Easterner* was soon labeled the hard-luck ship. While being hauled, she fell out of her cradle, got badly scratched. In her first race, her winches fouled up, and she was forced to quit. Designed by C. Raymond Hunt, *Easterner* is called "a family boat" by her owner, Boston Banker Chandler Hovey, who has tried three times before to produce a Cup defender (with *Yankee* in 1930 and 1934, with *Rainbow* in 1937). She will be skippered by his sons Charles and Chandler Jr.

The light blue *Weatherly*, whose skipper, Arthur Knapp Jr., has sailed everything from dinghies to ocean cruisers, was designed by Philip Rhodes for a syndicate headed by New Jersey Shipping Executive Henry D. Mercer. With an experienced but highly individualistic crew, she becomes the unknown factor in the America's Cup trials.

But in the pairings for the first trial, the winner was none of the spanking new

beauties but an outsider—the veteran, refurbished *Vim*. Designed by Olin Stephens 19 years ago, *Vim* is another family affair. Bought by New York Businessman John Matthews back in 1951 and fitted out for cruising, *Vim* had been refurbished and reconditioned for a try at the Defender trials. Young (24) Donald Matthews brashly matched tactics with Briggs Cunningham, beat him to the starting line, and brought *Vim* home a whole minute ahead of *Columbia*. The second race petered out in a slatting calm. But before the committee called the whole thing off, *Weatherly* had shown itself a ghoshter to be reckoned with, leading *Vim* by an estimated five minutes.

The new boats were still far from tuned up, and much tinkering and jockeying still lay ahead before the Defender was chosen. These early races, explained one New York Yacht Club member, were "just light sparring or shadowboxing."

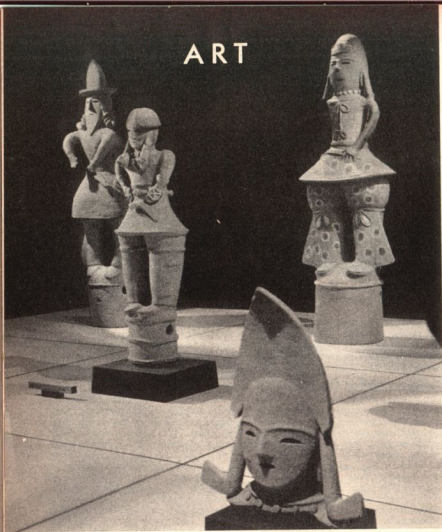
Scoreboard

¶ Roaring into a curve in Rheims's Grand Prix de France, Italy's Luigi Musso was a mere 100 yds. behind Britain's Mike Hawthorn. Musso gunned his Ferrari, hit the curve at 140 m.p.h., catapulted off the triangular course into a wheatfield, died. He was the last of Italy's great three. Alberto Ascari was killed in 1955; Eugenio Castellotti, Musso's closest friend and rival, in 1957.

¶ A track unknown, wiry (5 ft. 5½ in., 124 lbs.) Australian Bert Thomas, 23, kept a scorching pace for the three-mile run at Dublin's Santry cinder track, streaked to the finish with a new world record (13 min. 10.8 sec.), bettering Sandor Iharos' 1955 record by 3.4 sec.

¶ Proving that baseball is not played by the book, Manager Casey Stengel called on Oriole hurler Billy O'Dell to save the American League's 4-3 lead in the All-Star game. O'Dell, who has an 8-9 record and has never had a winning season since coming to the majors in 1954, got rid of nine men on 27 throws. Bubbled Casey: "He had a fast ball, a slider and a mysterious pitch up from Mexico."

ART



SCULPTURES IN TOKYO GALLERY: CONSOLATION FOR THE DEAD

The Haniwa Rage

When Japanese laborers were digging up a hillside to widen a highway a year ago, they unearthed a cache of hundreds of small clay figures. Callously the highway crew smashed the figures into the roadbed, but their foreman told the story at the sake house that night. Soon a delegate of National Museum curators rushed to the spot—too late. Lost: another priceless trove of Haniwa sculpture, the funerary pottery in the form of warriors, horses, shrine maidens, even ducks, monkeys and chickens found in burial mounds of the 3rd to 7th centuries A.D.

Following the 1950 rediscovery of Haniwa sculpture by U.S.-born Isamu Noguchi (*TIME*, Jan. 10, 1955), who spotted the archaic objects as prize examples of primitive sculpture, Haniwa blossomed into a collector's craze from Japan to Manhattan. A rare piece brings as much as \$10,000 today, and a good one worth \$10 in 1952 currently costs \$1,000 or more. Counterfeiters, doing a thriving trade, have learned to duplicate the primitive process of coiling ropes of clay into the rough form, then smoothing

it into shape. They even grind up old Haniwa fragments to powder the new interiors with ancient dust.

Last week Tokyo's largest private art gallery, the Bridgestone, owned by Western Art Collector Shojiro Ishibashi (whose name translates into stone bridge), was displaying 38 figures, one of the largest Haniwa exhibits ever held. Among the prize examples from private and public collections all over Japan were seven objects now officially classified as unexportable "Important Cultural Assets," only one cut below "National Treasure." (But even with Japan's leading Haniwa expert, Professor Fumio Miki, on watch, two examples had to be withdrawn as suspected fakes after the catalogue had gone to press.)

Haniwa is an enigmatic art. The picturesque account given in the *Nihon Shoki* (chronicles of Japan compiled in the 8th century) credits Emperor Suinin (29 B.C.-A.D. 70) with substituting clay figures for the human retainers who customarily had been buried alive with their masters. Historians scuttled this colorful explanation by discovering that Haniwa figures were not made until centuries after

Emperor Suinin's rule. Best bet is that the Haniwa figures, along with houses and boats, were meant to console the dead. Says Expert Fumio Miki: "We can only surmise from the data on hand that they were grave decorations, much in the manner of flower wreaths used today in Japan."

What makes Haniwa art the more beguiling is that it plants modern Japanese art in the bedrock of the nation's culture, before Buddhism was imported from China and Korea. Gallerygoers readily identify the unchanging gabled houses still found in country districts, and the traditional peasant women's dress. Art lovers see even more in Haniwa. Wrote one Japanese critic: "Haniwa's geometrizing of natural forms is exactly in tune with the dicta of cubism. Artists are now ready to accept Haniwa as 'pure art' and as delightful, intuitive jugglings of basic sculptural forms."

MODERN GLASS FOR MEDIEVAL CHURCHES

HOW to replace ruined medieval stained-glass windows has over the centuries steadily troubled French civil and ecclesiastical authorities. Time and wars have taken a cruel toll. The great tapestries of light that were once the glories of soaring cathedrals have been rattled by artillery, wrecked in revolutions, smashed by hailstones—and sometimes simply removed to give better reading light for sermons. The answer of the 19th century was restoration, which fell far short of the original works. Faced with repairing more than 3,000 churches since World War II, France has recently been employing its best modern artists (*see color*). The result is the greatest stained-glass revival in centuries.

Credit for opening up the field to modern artists belongs to Jean Verrier,* who as inspector general of historic monuments made a bold effort to end rigidly traditional restoration. But the man who most energetically carried on the crusade was a Dominican monk, Father Marie-Alain Couturier (*TIME*, June 20, 1949 *et seq.*). Before his death in 1954, he sought out artists in their studios, urged them to try their talents at sacred art in modestly abstract and semi-abstract styles. The first significant experiment was the installation of windows by famed Georges Rouault in the small modern Alpine church at Assy. It proved so successful that the way was paved for others, including windows of Jean Bazaine and Fernand Léger at Audincourt, and Matisse's chapel at Vence. Today the stained-glass revival is sweeping into scores of medieval churches, most notably the famed cathedrals at Beauvais and Metz.

To create his windows for Metz Cathed-

* By a coincidence, the name is French for "glassmaker."



MODERN GLASS IN METZ CATHEDRAL: VILLON'S "LAST SUPPER" (LEFT), "CRUCIFIXION" (CENTER), "MARRIAGE AT CANA" (RIGHT)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHALL



WINDOWS BY GEORGES BRAQUE IN CHAPEL OF ST. DOMINIC [CENTER SUBJECT] IN VARENGEVILLE, NORMANDY



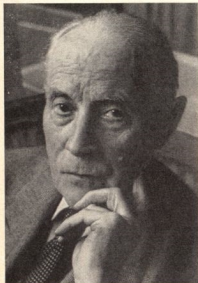
ROUAULT'S WINDOWS FOR FONTAINE-LA SORET



VASE OF FLOWERS IS SUBJECT IN BOTH

dral, installed earlier this year, Octogenarian Jacques Villon had all the elements available to the glassmasters of 13th century Chartres, and more. The soft radiance of medieval glass, coming from imperfections that fractured the light, was duplicated by hand craftsmanship. The gothic spectrum was expanded by modern chemistry to include an endless range of intermediate tones. But the laborious process of cutting glass to the pattern of the cartoon, painting in details with an enamel of metallic oxides and ground glass, baking it, and finally assembling it with strips of lead is almost unchanged. Villon worked several months on sketches (one-tenth actual size), made monthly

CAMERA PRESS—PIX



METZ CATHEDRAL'S VILLON

trips to Reims to supervise the work. Said he: "I would love to do others. But at my age that is not likely. I'm sorry they did not ask me to do this ten or 20 years ago."

Artist Rouault, who as a boy worked for six years in a glass factory, later carried over the glowing colors of stained glass into his painting, was entranced with the medium. When famed stained glass expert Paul Bony spotted two of Rouault's favorite paintings of vases of flowers hanging in the artist's studio, asked permission to reproduce them, Rouault found the results "better than my painting." Georges Braque, for whom Bony executed the windows for Braque's own chapel at his country home in Varengeville, Normandy, dwelled lovingly on the irregularities in the glass, dipped sponges into *grisaille* (a black iron oxide) to give the glass an added patina of his own. Whether modern art is suitable in ancient churches is an argument Braque considers academic. Says he: "This respect for the past happens to be a very recent thing. All good things, no matter what their period, can be neighbors without danger."

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EDUCATION

Goodbye, Messrs. Chips

Each year, U.S. colleges and universities must say goodbye to many a famed and favorite figure. Among those retiring in 1958:

Indiana University's slight, white-haired **Kenneth Powers Williams**, 70, who began teaching mathematics at Indiana in 1909, since 1944 has found a second field of excellence—writing Civil War history. That year he decided to follow an old interest, write a short book on the war's last year. Commencing work at 6 a.m., teaching classes in an authoritative, nononsense fashion in the afternoon and writing more history at night, Mathematician-Historian Williams began to produce something far different—an orderly, exhaustive study of Northern command: *Lincoln Finds a General*. With two volumes out, the work was assessed as potentially "the soundest military history of the North yet written," earned similar high praise with succeeding volumes (the sixth and last is already outlined).

Illinois Institute of Technology's **Ludwig Mies van der Rohe**, 72, architect of stark, skeletal glass and steel skyscrapers. Widely reckoned to be one of this century's three most influential architects (with Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier), German-born Mies was trained as a stonemason. He headed Germany's revolutionary Bauhaus group of artists and architects from 1930 until Nazi pressure forced him to close it in 1933, migrated to the U.S. in 1938. Popular renown came, along with occasional harsh words from Wright and other critics, with Mies's design of Illinois Tech's clean-lined campus, a gaunt set of Chicago apartments, and his career-capper, Manhattan's glass and bronze Seagram building (TIME, March 3). Replies thickly accented Mies to attacks on his decoration-bare style: "I don't compromise. I would rather sell potatoes."

Princeton's energetic **Sir Hugh Stott Taylor**, 68, noted physical chemist who headed the department of chemistry from 1926 to 1951, has been dean of the university's Graduate School since 1945. Lancashire-born chemist Taylor studied with Nobel Prizewinner Svante Arrhenius at Sweden's Nobel Institute for Physical Chemistry, has stayed in the U.S. since he came for a "brief visit" in 1914. Known for his work in catalysis, photochemistry, radiochemistry and chemical kinetics, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in 1953.

The University of Michigan's **Elizabeth Caroline Crosby**, 69, topflight neuroanatomist and the first woman to be appointed a full professor at Michigan's medical school. For five years after she got her Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1915, intense, energetic Elizabeth

Crosby served as principal and superintendent of schools in Petersburg, Mich., at one point also coached the boys' basketball team. She began teaching at the U. of Michigan in 1920, during her years there wrote and edited some of medicine's basic works on neuroanatomy, gathered probably the largest collection of submammalian and mammalian brains in the world. At Ann Arbor, she earned a sparkling set of honorary degrees and a sentimental tag from student physicians: "Angel of the medical school."

Yale's **Ralph Henry Gabriel**, 68, Sterling Professor of History, and developer in 1931 of a pioneer course in American thought and civilization. To such students as A. Whitney Griswold, now Yale's president, Gabriel presented a systematic, thought-prodding evaluation of the history of ideas in the U.S. Writing summers in a shack in the New Hampshire woods, he has filled a shelf with basic texts in American history, including his widely read *The Course of American Democratic Thought*. He lit few Roman candles while lecturing, nevertheless attracted up to 400 students to his classes.

Johns Hopkins' **William Foxwell Albright**, 67, expert in Palestinian archaeology. Big (6 ft.), bald Sand-Sifter Albright began to explore Palestine in the days when such explorations consisted chiefly of dismounting from one's camel and commencing to dig. A scholar instead of a treasure hunter, he painstakingly collected and fitted together pottery fragments scorned by some earlier diggers, succeeded in bringing a large measure of order to the history of Palestine in the 3,000 years before Christ. Among his qualifications for archaeology: great physical durability and a command of some 25 languages, including enough man-in-the-oasis Arabic to keep his workers in line. Albright was in the U.S. when the Dead Sea Scrolls were found, but photographs were airmailed to him, and he was the first scholar outside the Holy Land to verify their age and authenticity. His observation, bearing the Scrolls in mind: "Of all sciences, the two making the most progress today are nuclear physics and Palestinian archaeology."

Ohio State's lofty (6 ft. 3 in.), legendary **John Woodworth Wilce**, 70, who piled up a record of 78 wins, 33 losses and 9 ties as football coach from 1913 to 1928, then gave up muscle nurture to practice medicine, has headed the university's health service since 1934. Himself a seven-letter man at the University of Wisconsin and an all-Western fullback in 1908, Dr. Wilce did more than any other coach to give Columbus a permanent football mania, led his teams to three Western Conference championships. He studied bone mending between sessions of bone breaking, earned his M.D. in 1919, went on to do research on the effect of athletics on



TAYLOR



BALDWIN



CROSBY



ALBRIGHT



NEVINS



GABRIEL



MIES



WOLFSON



WILCE



WILLIAMS

the heart (conclusion: no permanent damage). Wilce had an intellectual's approach to football, once experimented by painting State's locker room bright red to inspire his meat eaters.

Columbia's **Allan Nevins**, 68, De Witt Clinton Professor of American History and winner of two Pulitzer Prizes for his biographies of President Grover Cleveland and U.S. Secretary of State Hamilton Fish. A stumpy, explosively energetic man who impatiently brushes away his age and anything else that interferes with his 6:30 a.m.-to-11:15 p.m. workday, he has written some 25 volumes, edited a dozen others. Historian Nevins was an editorial writer on the *New York World* and other papers until 1931, joined Columbia's staff as a full professor that year, but never found time to take a Ph.D. Among Nevins' projects: *American Heritage* Magazine, which he helped to found and Columbia's Oral History program for recording the views of history-worthy living Americans.

The University of Illinois' stiff-collar-and-high-shoe-wearing **Thomas Whitfield Baldwin**, 68, one of the world's leading authorities on Shakespeare. Coatless, but sheltered by a black hat and fortified by a furled umbrella, he has stalked about the Illinois campus on long, ruminative walks since 1925, disdains to use an elevator to reach his fourth-floor office. A marathon motorist, he wrote many of his Shakespearean studies during cross-country trips in a house-trailer. Among his noted works: a volume on the playwright's education (*William Shakespeare's Small Latine and Lesse Greeke*), and another, published in 1957, proving that Shakespeare wrote a play, probably now surviving under another title, called *Love's Labor's Won*.

Harvard's intense, slightly built **Harry Austryn Wolfson**, 70, probably the world's foremost historian of religious philosophy. He went to Harvard as a freshman in 1908, has spent almost the entire time since in his book-sandbagged study at the Widener Library and his tome-cluttered flat near by—where, a friend relates, the scholar once searched unsuccessfully for a book in the refrigerator, thought a moment, triumphantly fished it out of the unit oven. Ranging widely and deeply, he began with medieval Jewish philosophy, went on to trace with minute thoroughness the works of such men as Spinoza and Crescas back to the ancient Hebrew, Christian, Moslem and Greek philosophers, took time out only to catch every film shown at Harvard Square's second-run theater. Says Scholar Wolfson: "It is wonderful to start with an original text, an unstudied text, and to realize that there is nothing between you and this text. You try to find out everything that is implied in every term, every phrase, to get behind the words into the man's mind."



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MUSIC

The Legend of Prades

"I've just been rehearsing with Casals," said Violinist Yehudi Menuhin. "He's in wonderful form, full of vigor and attack. He's taken off 15 pounds since his illness. Walks every morning—three kilometers—and rests in the afternoon." Recovered from a heart attack in Puerto Rico (TIME, April 29, 1957), Cellist Casals was back in the town of Prades (pop. 5,000) on the edge of the French Pyrenees, where he resumed his concert career eight years ago as an exile from Franco's Spain. From all over Western Europe musicians and disciples poured into town to play for and honor the rotund little man with the shiny bald head who is the hero of music's most lovingly cultivated modern legend.

At 81, Casals threw himself into the three-week Prades Festival with an enthusiasm that would tax the stamina of a far younger man. He scheduled himself to appear at least once in every one of the 13 concerts, playing eight sonatas (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms) and the cello parts in six chamber music ensembles.

Passion in the Church. The concerts took place in the 17th century Saint-Pierre Church. There, beneath an improbable altarpiece of gilded cherubs and bare-breasted angels, Cellist Casals shuffled in from the vestry on short, hesitant feet, bearing a brown-grained *viola da gamba* by the pegs. When he motioned the audience to its seats with his bow, his movements were crabbed with age. But when he began to play, the vast, hollow church filled with luminous, lucid sound, suffused



CASALS AT SAINT-PIERRE CHURCH
The eternal creative mystery.

with a passion that is the wonder of musicians the world over. Each night the audience paid Casals the only tribute permitted in the church, rising to their feet and standing in hushed silence.

This year's Prades Festival was as ambitious as ever. But it seemed less festive than early festivals, perhaps because the image of Casals as a man who silenced his own great gifts for the political principle of anti-Fascism has grown hazy with time.

In rehearsals, where Menuhin turned up in cinnamon-colored shorts, the full spirit of dedication remained. "Bravo for the pizzicato!" Casals would cry, while through the door peered the Casals cultists: thick-spectacled German music masters, a pony tail from Paris, a pair of combs from Catalonia, a Fulbright scholar, a darkly gowned queen (Elisabeth of Belgium)—all hushed to silence in the presence of the eternal creative mystery.

God in the Street. With the Casals Festival scheduled as a yearly event in Puerto Rico, it seems unlikely that the master will ever again make music on such a grand scale in Prades. He no longer has a residence there, nor is he entirely welcome in the hamlet he made famous. This year his landlord jacked up the rent of the cottage he always occupied. And the cellist himself was a little difficult. "If M. Casals met God in the street," remarked a town official, "there is some doubt as to who would take precedence." Offered an apartment in nearby Molig-les-Bains, Casals will spend part of his summers there with his handsome, 21-year-old bride (and fourth wife) Martita Montañez, the rest of the year in Puerto Rico.

But the people of Prades are unlikely to forget the most distinguished of their adopted sons wherever he may be. Casals' former landlord has not yet removed from the walls of the cottage its widely famed label—"El Cant dels Ocells" (in Catalan, *The Song of the Birds*). It is the name of the popular folk air with which Cellist Casals, playing alone, will end this year's festival just as he ended all the others.

Sour Note for A.F.M.

The powerful, 260,000-member American Federation of Musicians, which has long laid down musicians' terms for the scoring of motion pictures in Hollywood, as well as most other commercial music, last week lost control of film scoring to an upstart splinter group headed by a studio trumpet player. In an election sponsored by the National Labor Relations Board, Hollywood's film musicians chose the rebel Musicians Guild of America as their bargaining agent, by a vote of 580 to 484.

The Guild, only four months old, is the creation of 49-year-old Trumpeter Cecil F. Read. In 1956 Read led a revolt of Hollywood's Local 47, A.F.M. He protested the handling of the Music Performance Trust Funds, which collect phonograph-record and TV movie music royalties to use for unemployment benefits for the entire A.F.M. membership. Read complained that although performances by the 15,000 Hollywood musicians provide the Trust Funds with more than 50% of their



"WINESBURG, OHIO" (AT LEFT, CHOREOGRAPHER SADDLER) Dancing about what is different about being American.

Radford Boscombe

revenues, only 4% of the revenues ever gets back to Local 47. Expelled from the A.F.M., Trumpeter Read recruited musicians for his Guild by dangling the bait of extra income, and by the unsubstantiated charge that James C. Petrillo (who resigned as A.F.M. president last month) was using Performance Trust Funds to keep his favorites in office.

Read's first post-victory job will be to sit down with studio representatives to work out a new contract for settling the five-month-old strike called against major motion picture companies by the A.F.M. over royalties on films released to TV. His second job: to call elections contesting the A.F.M.'s authority in the lucrative fields of live television and recordings. Petrillo's successor, Herman D. Kenin, predicted "catastrophe" for the Musicians Guild—brave talk to conceal the fact that Kenin's federation had suffered one of the rare setbacks in its 62-year history.

Terrible Town

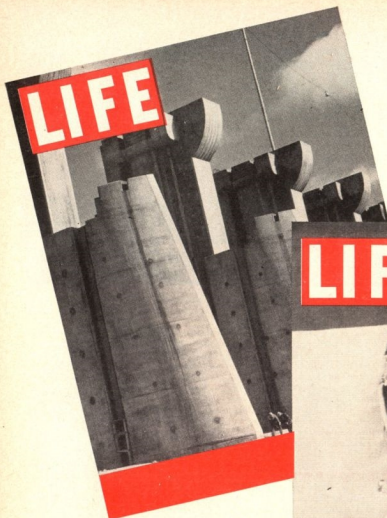
When Sherwood Anderson wrote *Winesburg, Ohio*, he was trying, he said, to convey "a new looseness [of] lives flowing past each other." His stereopticon small-town grotesques were translated with difficulty to the legitimate stage. But last week at the Jacob's Pillow (Mass.) Dance Festival, they took on vivid new life in a fresh medium: a "dance drama" based on the book and choreographed by 38-year-old Donald Saddler, who arranged the dances in Broadway's *Wonderful Town*.

For his dance version of *Winesburg, Ohio*, Saddler focused on four of the book's most luridly contorted figures: Elizabeth Willard, whose uncontrollable love for her son feeds "the feeble blaze of life that remained in her;" the Peeping-Tom minister, the Rev. Curtis Hartman, who sees God in a naked woman; a love-starved spinster named Alice Hindman; and the local doxy, one Louise Truncheon. As An-

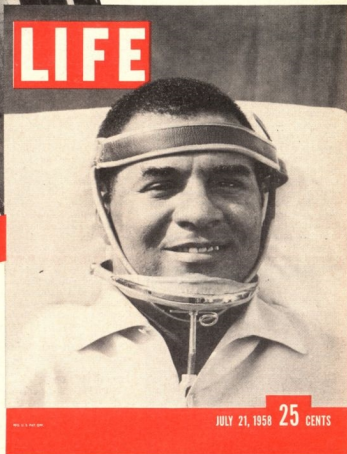
derson had done, Choreographer Saddler used the inflamed observations of George Willard, Elizabeth's son and a reporter for the *Winesburg Eagle*, as the thread to stitch the incidents together.

Saddler's first sequence has Louise (Dancer Patricia Birsh) weaving about George (Thomas Hasson) in a brash, hip-flicking dance of courtship culminating in a clinch and Louise's exit in George's arms. "Nobody saw us," he says as he returns breathless to the stage. In the second incident, Alice (Maria Karnilova) rips off her nightgown, thrusts and twists about the stage in a wonderful pantomime of alternate abandon and frustration, finally offers herself to a stranger. "I don't care who he is as long as he is alone," she says, but she is rejected. The third incident has the Rev. Mr. Hartman (Donald Saddler) gaggedly convulsed before the vision of a woman dimly seen through a window. The fourth is a tautly controlled dance between mother (Iona Murai) and son expressing in the pushing of a palm and the brush of a shoulder her mixed longing and desire to send him into the world.

What impressed most critics at last week's performance was Saddler's economical evocation of Anderson's mordant visions through the skillful welding of Genevieve Pitot's music with dance and the spoken word. Saddler believes dialogue should be a regular part of the dance: "It's an extension of the emotions." A veteran movie choreographer (*April in Paris*, *Young in Heart*), he has danced with Manhattan's Ballet Theater, worked with his own modern dance company. His main concern is perfecting native American dance movements: "I feel that what I ought to dance about is what is different about being an American." Sherwood Anderson has just the flavor he is looking for. His next project: to add four more characters to the dancing population of Ohio's most explosively inhibited town.



First Cover: Fort Peck Dam, Nov. 23, 1936
Circulation 431,101



This week's cover: Campanella Smiles
Circulation over 6,000,000

EDITORIAL HIGHLIGHTS ON THE

WRITINGS OF GREAT MEN:

Eisenhower's Crusade in Europe (1948)
Churchill's War Memoirs (1948-51, 1953),
History of the English-Speaking Peoples (1956-58)
Bradley's "The War America Fought" (1951)
Van Fleet's "The Truth About Korea" (1953)
Truman's Memoirs (1955-56)
MacArthur's Rendezvous with History (1955)

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE ESSAYS:

West Point (Nov. 30, 1936)
The Country Doctor (Sept. 20, 1948)
The Cowboy (Aug. 22, 1949)
The Sistine Chapel (Dec. 26, 1949)
Nurse Midwife (Dec. 3, 1951)
Housewife's Eighty-Hour Week (Aug. 15, 1955)
Historic New England (May 26, 1958)

SPECIAL ISSUES:

Mid-Century Issue (Jan. 2, 1950)
Africa (May 4, 1953)
Germany (May 10, 1954)
Christianity (Dec. 26, 1955)
Air Age (June 18, 1956)
The American Woman (Dec. 24, 1956)
America's World Abroad (Dec. 23, 1957)

This Week LIFE Delivers

FIVE BILLIONTH COPY

Some Thoughts on a Milestone

By the Editor-in-Chief

One moment, a few days ago, the giant presses stopped and there skittered into the hands of a veteran pressman the Five Billionth Copy of LIFE.

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What does that mean—to us, to you, to the American public? The question calls for Imagination and for Memory.

Imagine 5,000,000,000 copies! But only the mathematician, the poet of the modern world, can really imagine such a figure. Earthbound, we think of Johnny Appleseed, the beloved little fellow who in the early years of this country walked thousands of miles through the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois planting the orchards which now in this summer of 1958 are coming heavy with fruit. How many seeds did Johnny Appleseed plant?

But what matters more than the *how many* is the *what*. Johnny Appleseed planted good seed and it grew and it gave growth to man and to nation. Can we of LIFE say the same? We hope so. And we invoke Memory to audit our work.

There are the great stories—the great stories of adventure and discovery from every quarter of the globe, from the North Pole and the South, and from all around the equator and from every one of the nations which make up mankind.

There are the beautiful pages, the masterpieces of artists and of nature.

There are the pages which have touched the heart of compassion.

There are the pages of new knowledge fashioning a New America and a New World. And there are pages of sheer fun.

Go on, we say to Memory: we like this story, this joy of life.

But Memory has something else to say. It has to say that the joy of life is given birth and rebirth only at a great price. This age, like every age, is an age of war and conflict—only now the wars and the conflicts are more massive and more dreadful. LIFE has been, from the beginning, in the midst of the wars

and the conflicts. From World War II to the Hungarian Revolt, LIFE was there because it was its professional duty to be there. And for another reason: because LIFE knew what side it was on.

When LIFE took its name, 5,000,000,000 copies ago, it also took up a cause. That cause is to give to our name its fullest, truest meaning.

LIFE, in American terms, is dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Those words have about the same general meaning for us as they have for others, but also for us, as editors of LIFE, they have, week after week, some special meanings. Meanings like this:

LIFE is dedicated to life because our job is to observe all that we can of life and to give a vivid account of it. Life on the newsfronts of the world. Life also in the ripening orchard, on sidewalks of New York, in the factory and in the busy economy of the home.

Dedication to Liberty is, for us, the definition of our editorial policy. LIFE takes its stand. On every issue of the day, using our best fallible judgment, LIFE takes the side that makes for the enlargement and for the deepening of human freedom. LIFE strives to oppose all that is opposed to Liberty.

And the pursuit of happiness? We have never snared and photographed The Blue Bird of Happiness. LIFE has no nostrums to offer you, no capsule pills for peace of mind or soul. But if wise men have rightly given us some clues to Happiness, then we have some specific contributions to make. To be aware of the world you live in, to see it and meet it as reality rather than illusion, this is a condition of sanity and of happiness—and to this LIFE makes a contribution. To be aware of the world you live in and of the universe it lives in—LIFE keeps that dimension in mind. Finally, to appreciate and to enjoy the best and the most beautiful which men of all ages have thought and made—for this purpose LIFE seeks to be your intelligent and faithful servant.

HENRY R. LUCE

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The World's Great Religions (1955)
America's Arts and Skills (1955-56)
The Epic of Man (1955-57)
Crisis in U.S. Education (1956)

BOOKS TO REMEMBER:

The Duke of Windsor's "A King's Story" (1950)
Ernest Hemingway's
"The Old Man and the Sea" (1952)
James Michener's "The Bridges of Toko-ri" (1953)
C. S. Forester's "The Good Shepherd" (1955)
Walter Lord's "Day of Infamy" (1956)
Alan Moorehead's "The Russian Revolution" (1958)

AND GREAT EVENTS:

The Spanish Civil War (Dec. 12, 1938)
Pearl Harbor Attacked (Dec. 15, 1941)
D-Day in Europe (June 12, 1944)
V-E Day (May 14, 1945)
Retreat in Korea (Dec. 25, 1950)
Andrea Doria Sinks (Aug. 6, 1956)
Sputnik (Oct. 14, 21, 1957)

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Signs of Steam

The new employment tally last week produced a pleasant surprise. Though the flood of graduates swept unemployment to a 17-year high of 5,437,000 last month, the total was far below the 6,000,000 once forecast for June. It dropped to 6.8% of the labor force, from 7.2% in May and 7.5% in April. The number of jobholders actually increased by 920,000 for the month, came close to 65 million. More important, factory employment rose by 156,000. This was a solid sign that the long-depressed manufacturing sector of the economy was steaming up.

There was plenty of other evidence of industrial expansion. One of the best indicators—the average workweek of factory production workers—rose .6 hours in June to 39.2 hours. The Labor Department noted that in the past two months almost a full hour has been added to the factory workweek, more than half of it in overtime. The history of past recessions shows that an upturn in the workweek heralds a steady upturn in employment within a few months. The logic: when manufacturers boost production, they first put workers on longer hours, later hire new workers.

Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks predicted last week that unemployment will decline in July. One reason: more



U.P.I.

GENERAL DYNAMICS' NEW ATLAS ASSEMBLY LINE
Up: employment, work hours, incorporations, defense contracts.

jobs will be created because more new businesses are being opened—a sign of general confidence in the economy's immediate future. Dun & Bradstreet reported that the number of new business incorporations rose 5% from April to May to a total 11,943. The number of business failures dropped from 1,341 in May to 1,260 in June. There was one disappointing figure: bigger businesses were failing. Liabilities of the failures rose 9% in June to \$61.4 million.

One element in the signs of improvement was the fact that defense contracts are going out faster from Washington. To Boeing winged a \$320,600,000 order for B-52G long-range bombers. Smaller but significant awards went to Curtiss-Wright, General Motors, Collins Radio, Hughes Aircraft, General Electric, Douglas, Northrop, Bendix, Texas Instruments and Lear. Missiles also took a major step forward. General Dynamics' Convair Division dedicated its new \$40 million Atlas plant at San Diego, showed off the Atlas assembly line for the first time. Result: stocks of the defense contractors climbed, helped to lead Dow-Jones industrials to the year's peak of 482.85.

Holding the Price Line

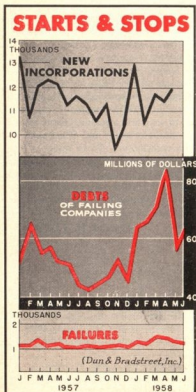
"A lot of manufacturers would rather go out of business than cut prices." So said an Atlanta department store manager last week, and his words echoed throughout the U.S. business community. Contrary to all the old economic laws, prices have held remarkably steady in the face of the recession; in some cases, they have actually risen.

Instead of cutting prices, many a manufacturer is pushing cheaper lines or stripped-down models to give customers the impression of lower prices. One reason for the lack of price cuts is that manu-

facturers' labor costs have continued to rise while productivity has lagged behind. Another reason is that manufacturers have held down inventories so well that there has been little "distress selling" to bring pressure for cuts.

The big exceptions are autos and appliances. Despite the drastic production cutbacks in cars, customers are still buying new models for as little as \$100 more than the cost to the dealer. In the appliance industry, said one General Electric man, the markdowns are so extreme that "you can now buy a refrigerator, washer, dishwasher for fewer actual dollars than you could ten years ago—and that's including inflation." There has been some trimming in other areas. Retailers with excess stocks of room air-conditioners cut prices on older models as much as 25%; Sears, Roebuck and Co. cut its power tools as much as 30%; cotton mills chopped 5% from their prices; and Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. reduced prices on their major line of tube-type tires 3% to 10%.

But in general, producers have been as chary as retailers of cutting prices. What cutting they have done has usually been in the form of special discounts or temporary reductions. On the other hand, some industries that a few months ago talked loudly about raising prices have suddenly turned mum. The aluminum makers, who once discussed a boost as of Aug. 1, when they must automatically raise wages, last week said they had not made up their minds what to do. At week's end, steelmakers still could not decide about their prices. One small steel firm knew what it had to do. The Alan Wood Steel Co. of Conshohocken, Pa., which had announced price increases averaging \$6 a ton in the belief that big companies were ready to do so, rescinded its increase "to stay competitive."



Time Chart by V. Puglisi

The Lines Are Busy

The recession has slowed but by no means stopped expansion of the world's biggest utility, American Telephone & Telegraph Co. President Frederick R. Kappel reported last week that second-quarter earnings of the Bell System topped those in 1957. A first-quarter decline in the company's business has been reversed.

In the second quarter, Kappel noted, the number of new phones installed totaled "about 500,000—slightly more than in the first quarter," but still well below last year's figure of close to 700,000. Long-distance phone calls rose by 4% during the first half. Together, the two gains helped wipe out the first-quarter downturn in earnings. Net profits for the second quarter totaled \$233 million, v. \$244 million for the same quarter last year. Revenues were \$1.66 billion, v. \$1.57 billion last year. Said President Kappel: "While our current rate of gain is lower than in the last few years, nevertheless it is still substantial. We are confident, too, that growing America will continue to want, buy and use more telephone service tomorrow than today."

Half a dozen other big companies also reported second-quarter earnings last week. As expected, steel and autos were still in rough shape. Lukens Steel reported sales down 17% (to \$51 million), profits off nearly 50% (to \$3,000,000) for the first six months of 1958. Ford Motor Co. was even worse off. Its earnings dropped 77% to only \$22.7 million in 1958's first quarter, thus failing to earn the 60¢ dividend. Last week the company gave stockholders more bad news. It cut its dividend to 40¢ per share, raising speculation that it might have run in the red in the second quarter.

There were significant items on the brighter side. In food, Safeway Stores



A. T. & T.'s PRESIDENT KAPPEL
The biggest goes on growing.

TIME CLOCK

1958 HARVEST will equal last year's record despite crop controls, will create bigger stockpiles and raise Government farm costs. Wheat and soybean production will grow to new high, though cotton and corn will drop a bit.

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD reportedly will drop Packard from production because slow sales held output in past six months to mere 1,546 cars. It is expected to concentrate on small cars that will be low-powered (starting at 92 h.p.) and 3 ft. shorter than Ford, Chevy or Plymouth.

AUTO-LABELING LAW, signed by President Eisenhower, provides that each 1959 car carry tag telling model name, final assembly point, means of delivery to dealer, manufacturer's suggested retail price for auto and extras.

KAISER, WILLYS passenger cars are rolling again—in South America. In Argentina, Henry Kaiser this year expects to turn out 2,500 cars similar to his 1955 Manhassans. In Brazil, Kaiser's Willys Motors plans to produce 20,000 passenger cars a year by 1961. Will get \$2,500,000 loan from World Bank's International Finance Corp.

showed that consumers are going right on buying, with sales up 4% to almost \$1 billion for 1958's first 24 weeks and a record profit of \$14.9 million, up more than 7% over last year. In electronics, International Business Machines reported first-half sales in the U.S. of \$564.6 million (up 19%) and earnings of \$50.6 million (up 20%), both new records.

Oil Up

"For the first time in 17 or 18 months, crude-oil stocks above ground are pretty much what they ought to be." So last week said Ernest O. Thompson, senior member of the Texas Railroad Commission, which controls 45% of U.S. output. Texas oilmen freely predicted that their monthly production schedules, limited in July to nine days, will soon be raised to ten or twelve days.

Oil supplies were tighter and demand stronger than at any time since the post-Suez glut. By cutting production, imports and refinery runs in the first half of 1958, oilmen had whittled gasoline and crude-oil inventories to what they consider ideal levels. Last week stocks of gasoline slid to 183 million bbl.—a six-week supply—and crude dropped to 252 million bbl.—a five-week supply. More important, the boom in vacation driving boosted gasoline demand in June 4% above April and May, one of the best years in twelve months.

While producers in some other industries were shaving prices (see below), oilmen last week felt confident enough to raise bulk gasoline prices on the Gulf Coast by 1¢ per gal. More increases are coming. Said a Sinclair Oil spokesman: "As the year goes on, higher refined prices will be inevitable because prices now are totally unrealistic in relation to costs."

ROBERT YOUNG ESTATE totaled \$8,367,237 excluding real estate, more than \$2,000,000 above estimates following railroader's suicide (TIME, Feb. 3-10). Among his assets: some \$5,750,000 in stocks, \$1,575,000 in notes payable to him, \$470,000 in bank accounts.

MINING SUBSIDIES of \$155 million for depressed copper, lead, zinc, tungsten and fluorspar (TIME, May 19) passed Senate by such a high margin (70-12) that bill stands good chance of riding through House and becoming law this summer.

HAMILTON WATCHES will be assembled in Switzerland to take advantage of lower Swiss wages (one-third the level of U.S. wages). Swiss watch cartel voted to admit Hamilton, first firm to come in since cartel was started in 1934 (other U.S. watchmakers, e.g., Bulova, Benrus, began producing earlier in Switzerland).

GREYHOUND CORP., biggest intercity bus operator, is riding rough road. Firm slashed payrolls to counter first-quarter loss of \$1,000,000-plus, caused largely by bad weather and heavy depreciation costs.

SECURITIES

Speculators' Week

The Toronto Stock Exchange, often the scene of frenzied trading, had never seen anything like it. In a single day last week, 14.8 million shares changed hands for the heaviest trading day in the exchange's history. On the floor, traders surged around trading posts, rushed madly from booth to booth waving order slips and shouting at the top of their lungs. The heavy trading was touched off by reports of a rich drill hole in a copper vein discovered more than a fortnight ago in the Mattagami area of Quebec by New Hosco Mines Ltd., a smalltime mining outfit. Shares of New Hosco, a longtime penny stock that sold for 17¢ three weeks ago, soared as high as \$7.25—and took other stocks with it. At week's end, as assayers reported that a second drilling in the Mattagami area was good but not spectacular, New Hosco stock dropped to \$4.50.

One factor that helped trigger the rise is the upturn in the Canadian economy, heralded several weeks ago by a dramatic drop in unemployment. Canadians were showing new optimism, which always engenders speculation, and the boom was concentrated in speculative stocks that had gone ignored for months. Said a Toronto exchange member: "I don't think this would have happened four months ago, no matter what the drilling reports were. There was too much recession mood around then. But the thinking has been changing. It's a sign people are starting to think big again." Canadians gleefully termed the excitement on the exchange "Mattagami week."

Gold stocks, which have shown recent strength on news that the government

FOREIGN INVESTMENT

New Program for More Help & Less Aid

A BROAD new U.S. foreign-investment program is taking form in Washington. Even as fresh opposition to the foreign aid and reciprocal trade programs showed itself in Congress (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the State Department was busy last week on a program that every businessman and Congressman could support. The aims: 1) get other countries to shoulder more of the development burden now borne by U.S. foreign aid; 2) shift from giveaway aid programs to revolving loans; 3) encourage private investment and sound fiscal and monetary policies in countries that now dissipate U.S. help by bad housekeeping.

The program's chief architect is C. Douglas Dillon, 48, onetime chairman of Dillon, Read & Co., investment bankers, who was promoted fortnight ago to the rank of U.S. Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. Dillon's first objective: an increase in the reserves of the International Monetary Fund, which have not been raised generally since the fund was created in 1944, although inflation and rising world trade have cut in half the fund's effectiveness in keeping world currencies in balance. Although the fund squeaked through the currency crisis at the time of Suez, many fear that it is now facing a major new threat. So many underdeveloped countries are running out of foreign exchange, because of the drop in sales of raw materials, that economists fear world trade will be drastically curtailed, and many a nation plunged into depression. Britain is also strong for a bigger fund.

If the U.S. increases its commitment (now \$2.8 billion) to the fund, other nations with strong economic positions, such as Canada and West Germany, will also have to follow suit. West Germany still has the original fund quota of \$330 million, which was fixed before the country's astonishing industrial recovery. With \$5.5 billion in accumulated foreign exchange and gold reserves, Bonn could well afford to double its quota in the fund. Since the German mark is as sound as the dollar, an increase in the German quota would greatly reduce pressure on the fund's U.S. dollars. The U.S. also wants a stronger fund, able to swing a bigger stick to force its members to keep their fiscal houses in order. This would take much of the heat off the U.S., which often has to perform this disagreeable job when considering foreign loans.

Brazil is a case in point. Brazil got into a fiscal mess with inflationary policies, and did little to reform because officials thought they could always

count on the U.S. Export-Import Bank for loans. Eventually, after 63 authorized loans totaling \$656 million, Brazil had to go to the Monetary Fund. There a coolly competent professional international staff delivered a stern lecture, exacted a promise of reform, gave a small drawing account of \$37.5 million in the hope that Brazil would go and sin no more. If Brazil had had to take this lecture from the U.S., the howl in Rio would have carried all the way to Washington. Said a foreign diplomat in Washington: "From the U.S. standpoint, it is a good thing to have the lightning go down somebody else's pole for a change."

Under Secretary Dillon is well aware that currency reform is only part of the answer to the need of foreign countries for capital. Yet he sternly insists that the people of even the most backward areas are "fully prepared to bear the major burden of their own economic development," if the means to finance it is available. One way would be to increase the lending power of the World Bank by raising subscriptions. Dillon believes that the U.S. could afford to underwrite more of the bank's "hard" loans to foreign governments, if other countries also boost their bank quotas. Dillon would also like to boost the capital of the Development Loan Fund (TIME, Sept. 30), which Congress created last year in a move away from outright giveaways.

While the DLF has an important role to play in encouraging private investment, many businessmen think that the U.S. could do much more to encourage private investment by granting tax relief for U.S. corporations operating abroad. The U.S. levies the same taxes on business income earned abroad as it does on domestic earnings, with the exception of Western Hemisphere trading corporations, which get a 14 percentage-point tax reduction. While the Administration has long given some support to extending this reduction worldwide, the plain fact is that any U.S. taxation on foreign business activity is self-defeating. It simply encourages nations to boost their taxes to U.S. levels to collect as much as possible of the corporate profit.

It would cost the U.S. comparatively little to drop all taxes on foreign profits, thus give private business a big incentive to invest abroad, reduce the need for government aid. The Treasury's loss would be only \$300 million a year, only about seven weeks' cost of the interest that the U.S. now pays on the portion of the federal debt attributable to postwar foreign aid.

proposes to increase subsidies to high-cost producers by 25%, were left behind in the speculative rush, closed the week off slightly; Western oils and base metals shared the same fate. But industrials continued a slow climb on good business news from Canadian industry, rose 1½ points for the week.

REAL ESTATE

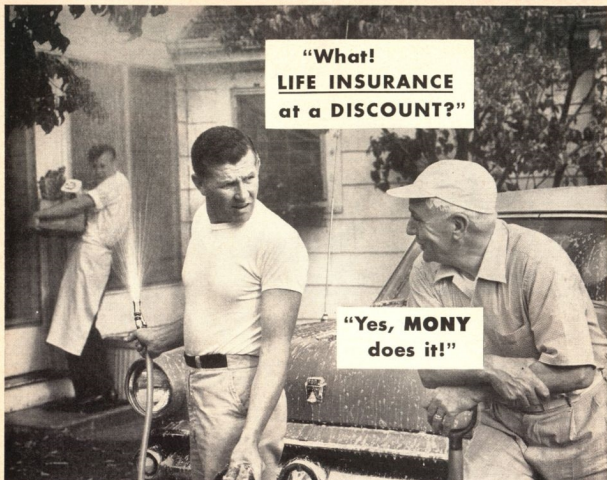
Toward the Millennium

A svelte blonde in a black sheath dress, with mink stole draped casually over her right arm, stopped during an inspection of a new apartment house on Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard last week and gushed: "It's the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen. But, I mean, it's even nicer than our house." Near her, a trim, wavy-haired man gravely replied: "Thank you, madam." For Norman Tishman, 56, president of Manhattan's Tishman Realty & Construction Co., the compliment was no surprise; his company had planned the building to be the most luxurious cooperative apartment house in Los Angeles, with some units costing \$125,000.

From his new apartment building, Norman Tishman could look down Wilshire Boulevard toward five 13-story Tishman office buildings and the site of a projected 22-story Tishman office building in downtown Los Angeles. Such hustling has in the last few years made Tishman the biggest single landlord in Southern California, added to the firm's reputation as a pace setter for real estate men in other cities as well.

Uncut Diamonds. "We're investment builders, creators, not land speculators," says Tishman. "We buy for a specific purpose: to develop." Tishman covers the whole spectrum of real estate, from buying and building to renting and managing. The company specializes in opening up new areas of cities, is often followed by other firms once it builds. "If you get there first," says Tishman, "you find remarkably little competition. I first trust my instincts to pick the sites, then take a thorough economic survey. If the survey bears out my instincts, we go ahead. If not, I stick with the survey and forget my instincts. This is no business for guesswork."

Though Tishman is based in New York, the firm has moved into such growing areas as Los Angeles because Tishman feels that development opportunities are about exhausted in Manhattan. "To me," says Norman Tishman, "a piece of underdeveloped property is like an uncut diamond to a jeweler. I don't see it as is—I see it as it will look when it has been properly developed." Today Tishman operates 31 large office or apartment buildings and three shopping centers in five U.S. cities (including West Hempstead, L.I.; New Orleans; Philadelphia), has other buildings under construction in Cleveland and Buffalo. Tishman's buildings win few architectural prizes, are often deplored by architects as unimaginative, even ugly. But they please tenants—and cut costs—because they lay heavy



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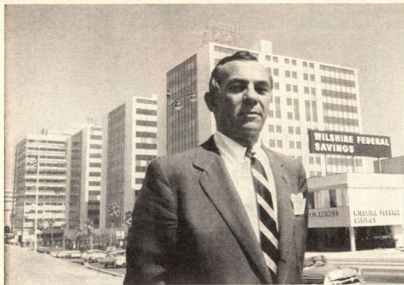
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Above 86th Street. The Tishman firm was started in 1898 by Norman Tishman's father Julius, an immigrant peddler who turned to real estate to get money to educate his children. Julius Tishman built small tenements in downtown Manhattan until 1910. Then he decided, against all advice, to erect a nine-story luxury apartment on Manhattan's West 93rd Street, despite a tradition that no well-to-do New Yorker would live above 86th Street. The building was profitable, and Julius Tishman made his fortune by continuing to build above 86th Street for the next ten years.

In 1923, the year young Norman graduated from Harvard, Julius decided to build an office building across from Manhattan's Penn Station. Though the area was largely occupied by factories, Tishman thought it would be ideal for commuting office workers. He was right; other companies followed his lead. Right after World War II, the firm built the first fully air-conditioned office building and the first metal-clad office building in Manhattan.

Three Generations. Norman Tishman took over as president after World War II (the company now has nine Tishmans ranging through three generations), devised a better way to finance his buildings. Irrked by the necessity of tying up millions of dollars of company capital in buildings, he worked out a sale-leaseback plan. Under this system, Tishman sells a new building outright to a corporation (usually an insurance firm), leases it back at about 7% a year and operates it. The company can not only use its capital for other projects, but also gets a tax break. Its lease payments are counted as a non-taxable business expense; if it owned the building—and received the same amount

as rent—the income would be taxable. Ten of Tishman's buildings are now operated under leaseback agreements.

By such shrewd tactics, the company, which the Tishman family controls with nearly 50% of the 1,940,000 shares of common stock, netted \$4,033,975 in 1957, although the net profit for its first half of this year is down to \$1,250,000. Tishman's goal is to build enough properties so that most or all the firm's profits will eventually come from rentals, make it immune to ups and downs in the market for new building. Says Norman Tishman: "When the day comes that we don't care whether we make a sale or not we will have reached our millennium."

GOVERNMENT Confusion in Trustbusting

Businessmen are often confused by the contradictory actions of the U.S. trustbusters. Last week they had even more reason for confusion. The Federal Trade Commission ruled last month that a merger would not tend automatically to create a monopoly even though it gave 45.6% of the household steel-wool market to one company, Brillo Manufacturing Co. But last week the Justice Department sued to break a deal that would give 21% of the detergent market to Lever Bros. Co.

The U.S. wants Lever to give up its right to make All, a detergent that Lever acquired from Monsanto a year ago. Lever argued that adding All's 5% of the U.S. market to other Lever detergents (Surf, Breeze, Wisk, etc.), which hold 16%, bolstered Lever in its battle against giant Procter & Gamble, which has 55% of all U.S. detergent sales. But the trustbusters held that All should not have been sold to any of the soap industry's Big Three—Procter & Gamble, Colgate-Palmolive or Lever. Said Justice Department Antitrust

Chief Victor Hansen: "We aim to protect competition, not the competitor; to support the process, no matter who gets hurt or who benefits."

No one doubted that Lever would be hurt as a competitor if the U.S. wins its case. But many businessmen wondered just how a Government victory would help protect competition.

OIL & GAS

The Four-Cornered Can

Barely three years ago the Southwest's Four Corners area was a 15,000-sq.-mi. wasteland inhabited by Indians, mostly Navajo, whose sheep battled the jack-rabbits for meager forage. Last week the mesa-dotted region, where the boundaries of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado meet, was the hottest petroleum area in the U.S. Each day El Paso Natural Gas Co. piped more than 600 million cu. ft. of natural gas to the Los Angeles market from 3,000 wells; other companies piped huge amounts to the Pacific Northwest, Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Los Alamos. Oil company pipelines sent 120,000 bbls. of oil daily to the West Coast and Texas Gulf refineries from some 750 wells in the area. With great finds in San Juan and Paradox Basin, oilmen counted 300 new gas wells put down in the first half of 1958. They expect another 300 before the year is out.

Pockets & Pipes. The Four Corners oil boom is nothing like an oldtime oil rush. Most of the land is in the hands of the federal or state governments or Indian tribal councils, and with leases going for as much as \$4,308 an acre (v. \$100 or so only two years ago), only the biggest companies can afford to gamble. They are there in force. El Paso Natural Gas built a \$750,000 division headquarters to operate the pipeline, has expanded it three times since 1952. This week or next, Shell Oil moves into a \$500,000 headquarters, while Phillips Petroleum, Humble, Superior, Union, Carter, Gulf, Magnolia, Continental, Skelly and half a dozen other majors all have sizable operations.

Actually, the industry has known about Four Corners oil for years. The first well was brought in in 1879. But geologists never thought there was enough to bother with—until the 1950s. Then, hunting gas for the rapidly expanding industries of the Los Angeles area, El Paso Natural Gas moved in. Soon it hit a big gas pocket in the San Juan Basin, built a pipeline to Los Angeles. Within a few years it had lines out to 3,000 wells in a system so intricate that it looked like a page from Gray's Anatomy.

The Reluctant Drillers. The first real oil find came in 1954. Shell Oil brought in a 1,170-bbl.-daily well at Desert Creek in nearby Utah. But the biggest discovery came in 1956. The Texas Co. tried to get other companies to come in on a deal to drill in the Aneth section of southeastern Utah, where the lease was about to expire, found no takers, and finally went reluctantly ahead itself. Result: it bored smack



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into the Aneth pool with estimated reserves of 300 million bbls., the biggest find since the Williston Basin seven years ago.

The great trouble was getting the oil out. Truck and rail costs were so high that Four Corners oil was priced out of the market. To lick the problem, a combine of six companies (Standard of California, Gulf, Continental, Shell, Richfield and Superior) formed the Four Corners Pipe Line Co., spent \$50 million for a 16-in. line pumping 70,000 bbls. daily to Los Angeles. Now a second outfit, the Texas-New Mexico Pipe Line Co., has built another line, with 50,000 bbls. daily capacity, from Aneth field in Utah to Jal, New Mexico, where the oil goes into the Texas Gulf and Midwest markets.

Cadillacs & Cash. Riding the crest of the boom, such sleepy little mining towns as Cortez (est. pop. 4,000) and Durango (est. pop. 11,000). Colo., the peaceful Mormon community of Farmington, and Aztec, New Mexico, have become bustling young cities overnight. Aztec has grown from a population of 885 to 7,500. Farmington boasts 26,371 people, v. 3,637 eight years ago, and brags that it has as many Cadillacs per capita as any city in the world. More than ten contractors in town are doing a booming business in housing projects, with \$8,000,000 worth of permits for the first six months of 1958, v. just over \$10 million for all last year. Nevertheless, some 15,000 residents are still living in trailers. Says the president of one of Farmington's local banks: "Ten years ago this was a \$4,000,000 bank. We added that much in assets last year alone."

The growth is only a hint of the possibilities. The Navajo Indians have already collected more than \$70 million in oil money for leasing 2,000,000 acres of their 15-million-acre reservation. And then there are the reservations of the Hopi and the Ute Indians, with millions more acres of virgin land. Says El Paso Natural Gas Division Manager Edward Alsop: "The Four Corners boom hasn't even started yet. Someday this area will be opened up like a tomato can."

PERSONNEL

Shift at NBC

When Robert E. Kintner, 48, joined the National Broadcasting Co. on Jan. 1, 1957, after seven years as president of the third-place American Broadcasting Co., everybody on Madison Avenue knew that if he made good as vice president in charge of NBC's television network he would one day become president. Last week the day came. In a major topside shuffle, NBC President Robert Sarnoff, 40, son of NBC Founding Father David Sarnoff, moved up to board chairman, keeping the title of chief executive officer. Into the slot of president, with supervision over all but two of NBC's 30-odd vice presidents, moved Bob Kintner.

Behind the elevation of Kintner, a one-time Washington newspaper correspondent (for the New York Herald Tribune) and syndicated columnist (with Joseph Alsop), lay some pretty satisfying sales



figures. During the first five months of 1958, thanks chiefly to a vigorous Kintner-Sarnoff policy of boosting news and special-events coverage by 20%, NBC network TV sales were \$90.8 million, up a hefty \$11 million from \$79.1 million at this time last year. This was almost twice the gain registered by the longtime front-runner CBS. (From January through this May, CBS racked up \$104,300,000 in network TV billings v. \$98.4 million a year ago.)

But Sarnoff warned that all the sales gain possible from improvement in TV programming has now been registered. "The balance of our effort will have to be in sales, because this is a rougher selling period than a year ago." As a measure of the roughness, NBC last week was laying off a "couple hundred" of its 6,000 employees. For the fall and winter season, NBC still has about five hours of prime evening viewing time (usually figured as 7:30 to 10:30 p.m.) still unsold v. three hours at CBS without a sponsor. At this time last year both were fully booked.



NBC'S KINTNER & SARNOFF
For rougher times ahead, a shuffle.

TIME, JULY 21, 1958

MILESTONES

Born. To Diana Lynn (real name: Dolores Loehr), 31, TV and cinemactress, and Mortimer Hall, 34, son of New York Post Publisher Dorothy Schiff and president of Los Angeles radio station KLAC: their first child, a son (he has another son by Cinemactress Ruth Roman); in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Matthew Wells. Weight: 7 lbs. 1 oz.

Died. Robert Earl Hughes, 32, plausibly billed as the heaviest man in medical history (6 ft., 1.041 lbs.), son of an Illinois farmer, traveling attraction on the carnny circuit, probable victim of an incurable disfunction of the pituitary gland and the hypothalamus; of uremia; in Bremen, Ind. With a maximum circumference of 10 ft., 2 in., Hughes had trouble getting around, lived in a converted semitrailer truck, which nurses climbed into by ladder to attend his final illness.

Died. Vice Admiral James Henry Flatley, U.S.N., 52, aerial-gunnery expert and World War II ace in the Pacific, skipper of Fighter Squadron No. 10, who won the Navy Cross in the Battle of the Coral Sea, was later a key figure with Navy's postwar air-training program; of cancer; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Edward Pearson Warner, 63, M.I.T.-trained aeronautical engineer, internationally famed air-age sage, longtime (1945-57) president of the council of the International Civil Aviation Organization, onetime (1926-29) Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, editor of *Aviation* (1929-35), vice chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board; of a heart attack; in Duxbury, Mass.

Died. Evelyn Varden, 65, character actress whose career began in childhood, ended in January when she left the company of the London hit comedy *Roar Like A Dove*; first Mrs. Gibbs in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* (other stage credits: *Russet Mantle, Candle in the Wind*), cinemactress (*The Bad Seed, Cheaper By The Dozen*), radio serialist, familiar player on live dramatic TV; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Archbishop Michael, 66, head of the Greek Orthodox Church in North and South America, spiritual leader of more than 1,000,000 people of Greek descent in the Western Hemisphere; after an intestinal operation; in Manhattan.

Died. Maurice Rentner, 69, "The King" of Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, Polish-born leader of U.S. fashion, who fought design piracy in and out of the garment district, primed such innovations as shirtwaist dresses and dressmaker suits, thought U.S. women the world's best dressed, "despite the fact that once every so often I see a woman in a dress I've struggled over, carrying herself like a hod carrier"; of a brain tumor; in Manhattan.

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CINEMA

Bongo Bongo Boffo

Last week, 40 years after his first swing on a back-lot liana, Tarzan of the Apes ooo-eee-oed the famed yodel, dropped from the treetops into his 32nd movie. Since the other 31 were all financial successes—a combined total gross of more than \$500 million and a total audience of 2 billion people—the new *Tarzan's Fight for Life* showed the sort of promise most appreciated by Cinemogul Sy Weintraub, new head of Sol Lesser Productions, owner of the ape man.

The film also shows a Tarzan who has evolved in a wide arc from the original character of Edgar Rice Burroughs' novels, first played on the screen by the late Elmo Lincoln in 1918. Compared to Elmo, who was built like a water tower and once—on the set—killed a lion that tried to rough him up, the Tarzans of mid-century are sissies. Tarzan's dialogue, over the years, has improved from a simple grunt to almost literate palaver.

The first Tarzan who actually spoke whole sentences was Lex Barker, of the *New York Social Register*, who in 1948 replaced Johnny Weissmuller, the mobile Tarzan of them all. An Olympic champion and once the fastest swimmer in the world, Weissmuller also holds the record for longevity as the jungle hero: twelve versions over 16 years. Today's Tarzan is Gordon Scott, 30, with a 50-in. chest. A onetime lifeguard at a Las Vegas hotel, Scott is the first Tarzan in color and CinemaScope.

In *Tarzan's Fight for Life*, Scott carries on with Jane No. 19 (Eve Brent), demonstrates what has become of Novelist Burroughs' inarticulate hero, the offspring of titled British parents whose deaths left him as a child to the motherhood of the jungle. The pristine Tarzan of the screen who hated all white men—although his name, in Burroughswahili, meant white (*tar*) man (*zan*)—is now the champion of modern medical science, Tarzan 1958 knows a simple defense against the slings and arrows of mumbo jumbo. His prescription: "Take pill quick."

The New Pictures

Indiscreet (Grandon; Warner), in the Broadway version (*Kind Sir*), was the sort of romantic comedy that is all dressed up but obviously has no place to go—but then, Broadway scarcely has the resources that are required to gild this sort of lulu. Instead of \$100,000, the movie's Producer-Director Stanley Donen had about \$1,500,000 to squander. Instead of painted flats, he had the city of London for his backdrop, and some of the city's stateliest halls for his interiors. Instead of nature's timid hues, he had Technicolor. Instead of a couple of merely famous names—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer—on his marquee, he had two of the biggest that have ever been in the business—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant.

Bergman plays an actress—world-renowned, spectacularly attractive, loaded with money—who lives all alone, next door to Buckingham Palace, in an apartment the size of an armory, with nothing but a couple of dozen Picassos and Rouaults and Dufys to keep her company, and a devoted Rolls-Royce to follow her whenever she takes a walk. Grant plays a wizard of international finance—world-renowned, spectacularly attractive, loaded with money—who falls in love with the girl, and expresses his affection in those little things that women



GRANT & BERGMAN IN "INDISCREET"
The relationship is eventually altered.

appreciate so much: yachts, paintings, diamond bracelets.

In fact, just about the only thing this paragon does not give his paramour is his name. "I'm sorry," he says sadly, "but I'm married, and I can't get a divorce." She accepts the explanation along with his advances, but a few months later she discovers that he is really not married at all. Naturally enough, the lady is vexed. "How dare he make love to me and not be a married man!" And she hatches an absurdly sinister plot, involving "the other man," to make the bluffer suffer. But the plot miscarries in a very funny scene, and before long, the relationship is satisfactorily altared.

In short, *Indiscreet* is a conventional comedy of what Hollywood supposes to be upper-class manners, but it is flicked off in the high old style of hilarity that U.S. moviemakers seem to have forgotten in recent years. Director Donen deserves a cash-register-ringing cheer. Actress Bergman, always lovely to look at, is thoroughly competent in the first comedy role that she has played for Hollywood. And Cary Grant is in a class by himself when it comes to giving a girl a yacht.

Cinerama-South Seas Adventure (Stanley Warner Cinerama Corp.) makes a radical departure from the four Cinerama films that preceded it (and grossed \$74 million along the way). It attempts a story. In fact, it attempts five of them. But in the end, after having been carted all over the South Pacific, viewers will feel as travelogy as ever.

Slipping in unabashed commercial plugs for the Matson Navigation Co. and a Honolulu restaurant named Don the Beachcomber's, Narrator Orson Welles oozes into the tale of a girl from Akron who suffers from "the total lack of coconut palms in her home town." She heads out for Hawaii, meets another girl on shipboard and eventually, in Hawaii, the other girl's brother, Intones Commentator Welles: "Perhaps her heart would beat even faster if she knew what Ted was thinking." Ted is thinking that he wants to show her the islands, and together they fly over the volcanic craters of Kilauea and Haleakala, dance away the nights and, in a curious reversal of roles, lie patiently on the sand while a dog goes sunbathing.

Abruptly, with no effort at transition, *Adventure* switches focus to a young French painter who yearns for the Gauguin lushness of Tahiti. From then on, it is Tonga, Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Zealand, Australia, with never a suggestion of a connective narrative. Sometimes the sound track loses touch with the movie, as when the narrator oohs about Tonga's 6-ft., 3-in. Queen Salote, who never appears. But the real pity is that the Cinerama producers, who proclaimed in 1952 that Cinerama can do anything the regular movies can, and do it better, have never been willing—or able—to tackle anything more active or dramatic than a mountaintop.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Key. A subtle, fascinating story of Britain's ocean-going tugboat captains of World War II, and of the woman several of them loved; with Sophia Loren, William Holden, Trevor Howard (TIME, July 14).

The Goddess. Playwright Paddy Chayefsky and Actress Kim Stanley delivering a roaring diatribe against the Bitch Goddess, Success, at a pace that is sometimes slow, but in a tone that is marvelously swift (TIME, July 7).

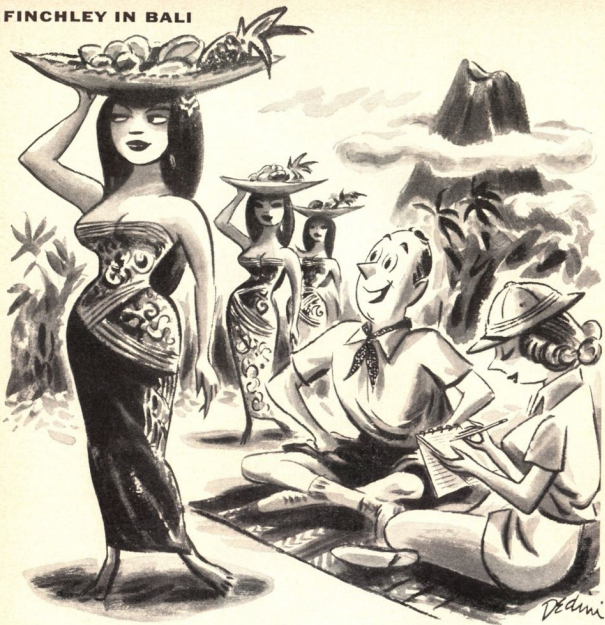
Hof Spell. A tragedy of family life, sensitively interpreted by Director Daniel Mann and a talented cast: Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn, Shirley MacLaine (TIME, June 23).

This Angry Age. A strong but uneven picture, derived from *The Sea Wall*, a memorable novel about French pioneers in Indo-China; with Anthony Perkins and Jo Van Fleet (TIME, June 9).

Gigi. Colette's slender novelette brought forth as a big fat musical; but the show is saved by Cecil Beaton's *fin de siècle* sets and costumes (TIME, May 19).

Stage Struck. Local girl making good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

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BOOKS

A Study in Nihilism

THE END OF THE ROAD (230 pp.)—John Barth—Doubleday (\$3.95).

"Where the hell else but in America could you have a cheerful nihilism?" asks a leading character in this highly diverting book, which is a comedy with a tragic ending and, occasionally, a farce with a philosophical meaning. The character who asks the question is Joe Morgan, a history teacher at Wicomico State Teachers College, who has taught himself to "say goodbye to objective values." He believes that energy is "what makes the difference between American pragmatism and French existentialism."

Joe has energy all right; he is writing a thesis, plays catch with his wife and sons, and runs a troop of Boy Scouts. But Author Barth matches him with a crushing tragedy in the face of which his pragmatism is meaningless and his nihilism a cheerless thing. The agent of his undoing is the narrator of the book, Jacob Horner, one of the most fascinatingly dreadful characters to appear in a long time. He is self-described as "owl, peacock, chameleon, donkey and popinjay, fugitive from a medieval bestiary." In more modern terms, he is also a manic-depressive, and a fugitive from a psychotherapeutic institution called the Remobilization Farm.

Days Without Weather. Horner, just turned 28, has suffered a paralyzing case of "birthday despondency." A sinister Negro doctor brings him out of it. In describing the doctor's manifold therapies, Novelist Barth shows a true satirist's hatred for all the quackery visited by blind belief in the healing powers of science upon muddled, addled and wicked souls.

The doctor's methods include the Nutritional, Dynamic, Informational, Sexual, Devotional, Preoccupational, Virtue and Vice Therapies, not to mention Theotherapy and Atheotherapy. This genius-quack, "a kind of super-pragmatist," tells Patient Horner: "It would not be well in your case to believe in God. Religion will only make you despondent. But until we work out something for you it will be useful to subscribe to some philosophy. Why don't you read Sartre and become an existentialist? . . . Study the *World Almanac*; it is to be your breviary for a while . . ."

Jacob Horner goes off to the sunlit campus of Wicomico State Teachers, where he has wangled an instructor's job (English). He tries the *World Almanac* cure, but boning up on statistics about air line distances between principal cities only demonstrates that facts cannot minister to a diseased mind. He knows his bad days, when there is "no weather," a haunting waking and sleeping dream in which he is deprived of contact with the natural world. When Horner re-establishes contact with people, it is through the "pretty dedicated bunch" at Wicomico. Here he discovers his true calling, of an absolute rather than a theoretical nihilism.



Tom Kaminski

NOVELIST BARTH
Has pragmatism had it?

Fallible Device. Soon, in his one-man campaign to stamp out mental health, Horner seizes on his fellow teacher Joe Morgan, the energetic pragmatist. Morgan's wife Rennie is a kindred empty spirit. Says Horner of her: "She had peered deeply into herself and had found nothing." Rennie herself seems to agree. Of her life before she met Joe, she says: "I just dreamed along like a big blob of sleep." Now she regards her Joe as her personal God. After she discovers, in a grotesque episode of peeping tomfoolery, that her husband is not God after all, the novel reaches its nub with the mating of the two nothings—Rennie and Horner.



Jean Marquis

NOVELIST ALPERT
Do women have souls?

Gruesome in spirit, comic in detail, this triangle is doomed to ruin by Joe Morgan's philosophical code. He is stuck with the arid belief that his "values" are valuable simply because he believes in them, while his mad friend does not care what values he upholds; in fact, he has none. Joe talks everyone to death in the interests of honesty, and the spirit of togetherness is symbolized by the fact that husband and lover are made aware that they both use the same brand of contraceptive.

The failure of that fallible device leads to a nightmare of abortion in which Horner's doctor is revealed as the evil destroyer of life, spirit and flesh. Existentialism and pragmatism have had it at the hands of a calculating crank.

Comedy of Manners. Author Barth is assistant professor of English at Penn State and, unlike most teachers of English, he likes words well enough to play with them after school. His first novel, *The Floating Opera*, was runner-up for the 1957 National Book Award in fiction. Now *The End of the Road* reveals him as a very funny (but notably unfrivolous) writer.

Barth has a good ear for the sort of psychologizing claptrap that passes for conversation in some circles. The earnest talk of the three academic friends is a comedy of manners in itself—almost on the level of Mary (*The Groves of Academe*) McCarthy or Randall (*Pictures from an Institution*) Jarrell. Barth is clearly one of the more interesting of younger U.S. writers and he has produced that rarity of U.S. letters—a true novel of ideas.

Loose Ends, L.I.

THE SUMMER LOVERS (307 pp.)—Holli Alpert—Knopf (\$3.95).

This first novel portrays the summer season at what might be called Loose Ends, Long Island, where there is plenty of sun, sea, sand, sex and susceptibility. Through the dazzle of hot days and perfervid nights moves Sally Pierce, a golden-glowing, nubile 19-year-old whose life is complicated by the fact that her divorced mother has remarried. Stepfather Andrew Wells is the sort of pipe-smoking, tweedy adult to make a Radcliffe girl's heart do nip-ups. To complete the idyl, there are two other men: Chris, a callow college graduate; and Chadburn, a hesitant illustrator. The question: Who will get Sally? The answer: nearly everybody.

When Sally is not bounding from bed to bed, she is asking the sort of defiant, wide-eyed questions that, in fiction anyway, have such a devastating effect on grownups. She is also a determined kiss-and-tell girl, and after sleeping with her stepfather, endlessly discusses the affair with other members of the household. Mother proves the most understanding of the lot, but young Chris is outraged. Says he: "You're too much for me. You look so normal, but you're as mixed up as any of them!" To prove his own normality, he abandons the pursuit of Sally and makes a determined pass at Mom.

Author Alpert, 41, who has written for magazines as dissimilar as *The New York-*

er and *Seventeen*, has some difficulty totting up the reasons for Sally's amoral behavior. He gets in a few licks at "progressive" education, cuttingly describes the "intellectual bohemianism" of Sally's environment, and then seems to veer to a primitive belief that women lack souls—or, at any rate, consciences. At summer's end all of the men have in a sense been used up and thrown away. The women, as usual, are in control. All in all, the book is satisfactory seashore entertainment. Anyone reading it on certain Long Island beaches need only look up from the pages to find the characters—if not the plot—all around him in the sand.

Beyond the Blues

THE HORN (243 pp.)—John Clellon Holmes—Random House (\$3.75).

His name was Edgar Pool, and he was out of KayCee (Kansas City, that is). Of course, no one but a square called him Edgar or Pool or even Eddie. He was simply "The Horn," and man, he could really blow. His deeds on the sax and his misdeeds on and off the bandstand made him a legend in his lifetime. The Horn was so hip that he just did not care. He had had all the booze, all the drugs, all the women. And he could blow his horn so marvelously that, through him, jazz achieved a new dimension. But he wound up broke, sodden drunk, embittered; soon he would be dead. In *The Horn*, way-out Novelist John Clellon Holmes tries to suggest the forces that destroyed Edgar Pool. He does not succeed, but in failing he has still written the most interesting novel about the U.S. jazz world since Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn* (1938).

Death of a Poet. Author Holmes, a leading member of San Francisco's Beat Generation, makes the usual novelist's disclaimer: his characters are not real people. Still, reading his book, any sensitive cat might think of someone like Tenor Saxman Lester Young or Charley ("Yardbird") Parker (who died in 1955 at the age of 35 because he behaved too much like Edgar Pool). The prototype for Gordie, *The Horn's* No. 1 chick, might be someone like Jazz Singer Billie Holiday. Actually, the resemblances are not important. This is a standard jazz story and, beyond that, basically the standard intellectual's novel about the artist in the U.S. who is somehow made to feel that he is alien corn—or horn. That Edgar Pool is a Negro has little to do with it. Implicit in the book is the notion that Jazzman Pool died the death of a poet who lived in a country that does not give much house-room to poetry. Author Holmes comes no closer to proving this case than do the little-magazine intellectuals for whom it is routine cocktail-party chatter.

What is good in *The Horn* is its good try at isolating the serious jazzman's special brand of musical thinking. Like most good jazzmen, The Horn had the stuff in his blood. He taught himself to play because nothing else seemed to him more worth learning. His mother took in washing; his father was a railroad hand who



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Roy E. Olson

NOVELIST HOLMES Way out.

advised his son to get some kind of steady colored man's job that carried a sure weekly wage. But Edgar Pool could hear nothing but the music within him. So he played, badly at first, but doggedly, and at last *The Horn* became so good that jazz-fans and jazz pros alike revered him. There was always too much booze, and when it failed to give him the kicks he needed, the dope pushers showed another way. At the end, Pool lost his virility, his musical control, his desire to live. He was alone, even when the joint was crowded. And he lived just long enough to hear a young newcomer blow him off the stand.

Author Holmes knows his jazz world. One of his scenes—a band rehearsal—is as funny and true as any writing about jazz in a long while. *The Horn* is sentimental and overwritten, but it still manages to be a plausible and moving novel.

The Devil's Disciple

DOWN THERE (*Là-Bas*) (317 pp.)—Joris-Karl Huysmans, translated by Keene Wallis—University Books [\$5].

"With his hooked paw, the Devil drew me toward God," wrote a crazy mixed-up Frenchman named Joris-Karl Huysmans. He was never so crazy as when he earnestly took up diabolism. The record of his descent to the depths among the witches and warlocks of Paris was written in the first year of the '90s, and nothing more appalling appeared in the rest of that decadent decade. *Là-Bas*, now republished in the U.S., might well call to the mind of old-fashioned readers Browning's:

... my scrofulous French novel
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe.

The hero of *Là-Bas* is a novelist named Durtal, who is doing research into the monstrous life of Gilles de Rais, often

mistaken for the original Bluebeard.* A dedicated researcher, Durtal himself dabbles in the same black arts that Gilles de Rais practiced—for De Rais, found guilty of murder and executed in 1440, seems to have attracted disciples in 19th century Paris. The core of their infamy is the bizarre and blasphemous rite known as the Black Mass, in which every imaginable obscenity is committed and the Eucharist itself is invoked to bring the celebrants closer not to God but to Satan.

This odd narrative begins with a conversation between the Novelist-Hero Durtal and a learned physician, Des Hermies. The friends go to the tower cell of a saintly but simple character—the bellringer of Saint-Sulpice Church—where they dine and talk about theology. It all sounds very dull, and Durtal is not far off the mark when he confides that his book about Gilles de Rais will be "as tedious to read as to write." But Durtal's affair with the seductive Hyacinthe—widow of a manufacturer of chasubles and wife of an author of religious biographies—might be enough to put *Là-Bas* off the public shelves of most libraries. It is she who leads Durtal into the obscene rituals of Satanism, presided over by an unfrocked priest. (Both the weird wife and the defrocked priest were drawn from life by Author Huysmans.)

Bluebeard & Bluenose. Ever since it first appeared serially in *Echo de Paris*, the book has enjoyed a kind of scandalous celebrity among men of letters. Zola attacked Huysmans; Maupassant, Verlaine and others defended him. In 1924, the present publishers report, *Là-Bas* was issued in the U.S. but ran afoul of John S. Sumner, industrious secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Publisher Albert Boni agreed to withdraw the book and destroy the plates. Now, a generation later, readers may well be of two minds as to who had the right of the matter—the celebrated bluenose or the historian of "Bluebeard." At any rate, those who look to the book for bits of cheerful pornography will be disappointed. Satanism is dismal stuff, and blasphemy meaningless to those who do not believe in the things blasphemed against. In many ways, Author Huysmans' own story is more interesting than his book.

Huysmans was a minor public official "wrecked by physical and spiritual ills, from neurosis to dyspepsia and pessimism to rheumatism," according to one biographer. According to another, he "oozed with misanthropy." Said Poet Paul Valéry: "He was a great creator of disgusts, welcoming the worst and thirsting for the excessive, credulous to an incredible degree . . . His strange nostrils quivered as they sniffed everything in the world that had a bad smell . . ." Huysmans first made a literary name for himself with *A Rebours* (1884), a novel then widely hailed as a masterpiece. Its hero, Jean

Floressas des Esseintes, was a kind of French Dorian Gray (in fact he served as Oscar Wilde's model), a character who dabbled in sadism, had a sensualist's preoccupation with taste (comparing liquors to musical instruments, he likened kum-mel to the oboe, *crème de menthe* to the flute), Des Esseintes always preferred the artificial to the real, kept an aquarium of mechanical fish, and declared that, as a work of "plastic beauty," no woman could compare to a locomotive.*

Lines & Spirits. Strangely, the writing of *Là-Bas* and the personal experience that went into it led Huysmans to religion. In great anguish, he evidently came to understand that it is madness to believe in the Devil without believing in God. As a character observes in *Là-Bas*, "the wildest thing the Devil can do is to get people to deny his existence." Huysmans must have agreed. He re-entered the church and later wrote the story of his conversion in a devout book titled *En Route*. He became a notably fervent Catholic—but one tortured to the end of his life by fears of diabolic possession. These fears were always worst at night, when he drew chalk lines around his bed and offered special prayers to defeat evil spirits.

Even so, Huysmans was visited by mysterious buffeting about the head. Towards



Dornac—L'illustration

AUTHOR HUYSMANS Way down.


the end of his life (he died in 1907), his eyes were painfully afflicted. As an occasional art critic, he had delighted in the visible world, and he believed that his blighted sight was a sign that special penitence was demanded. He had his eyelids sewn shut and never saw the world again. He had probably seen too much of it.

* The model for Charles Perrault's tale was probably a 6th century Breton king named Comor. According to legend, he cut his wives' throats when they became pregnant.

* Recalling the notable psychiatric case history of a patient who had an irresistible passion for streetcars.

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Croufon. In Philippeville, Algeria, when a terrorist threw a bomb into a restaurant where 40 French soldiers were eating, it landed in one soldier's soup, where its fuse was extinguished.

With Relish. In Wilmington, Del., Ernest H. Carter was fined \$550 for drunken driving after he pulled into a brightly illuminated suburban police station, tooted his horn, told a cop he was there for curb service, ordered coffee and a hamburger.

Jet Injun. In El Monte, Calif., Charles K. Lacouran complained to sheriff's deputies that the pilot of a private plane dived at him, leaned from the cockpit and hurled an arrow that narrowly missed him, stuck and quivered in the ground at his side.

Judicial Nod. In Fribourg, Switzerland, Judge Germain Kolly was fined 110 Swiss francs after Marcel Peiry and three associates—convicted of theft—asked for and got a new trial when they pointed out that the judge had slept through part of the proceedings.

Fresh Yeggs. In Martinsburg, W. Va., three boys, aged eleven, ten and five, were arrested carrying loaded revolvers, booked for seven burglaries.

Malts Alarm. In Owosso, Mich., when a fire started in Dewey Campbell's auto, Dewey got a bottle of beer from a saloon, shook it up, extinguished the flame with foaming brew.

Dearsighted. In Cardiff, Wales, after 29 years of marriage and five children, Alice John got a divorce because her husband always made her sit in the cheap seats in the cinema while he took his ease in the costlier ones toward the rear.

Hoedown Payment. In Orlando, Fla., Farmer Ira Tossie took 7,800 lbs. of potatoes to Williams Brothers Motors, where they were readily accepted as the first payment on a new Chevrolet.

Travel Agent. In Memphis, George Gattas hurried to the airport in an attempt to get two friends aboard a Southern Airways DC-3, arrived slightly late, raced the plane across the tarmac as it taxied before take-off, blocked its path with his station wagon, accomplished his mission, gladly paid a \$26 fine.

Critical Ignition. In Milwaukee, when a court wanted to know why Lester J. Schneider had obtained 15 delays of his trial for arson, Schneider's attorney explained that his client had on separate occasions been hit by a train, operated on for appendicitis, hospitalized also for a kidney ailment, a sprained ankle, and injuries resulting from a fall from the roof of a barn.



AMERICAN GREENHORN ROBERT KERR takes a crack at Ireland's ancient sport and gets a surprise:

It's not the free-for-all it looks. Once played with no holds barred, hurling now has strict rules.

IRISH HURLING... the original hurly-burly

"As Irish as the shillelagh and just as murderous-looking, Ireland's age-old sport of hurling is still played with Gaelic ferocity," writes Robert Kerr, an American friend of Canadian Club. "In County Limerick last month, some players invited me to 'have a go.' With 15 men on a side, the action was pure chaos. 'It's really all very scientific,' one man said. But a knock on the head persuaded me that hurling wasn't in my line. At a hotel in Ennis

afterward, I found something that was. One of the hurlers treated me to Canadian Club." *Why this whisky's worldwide popularity?* Only Canadian Club captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. You can stay with it all evening... in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

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FINE POINTS of game are explained: trick is to balance ball on blade of stick, or hurley. Kerr tried it, found it takes practice.

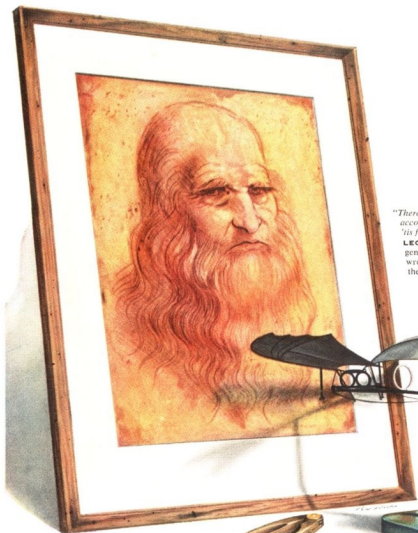


GROUNDING by "slight accident," Kerr is assured by players that serious mishaps hardly ever happen. But bruises are commonplace.



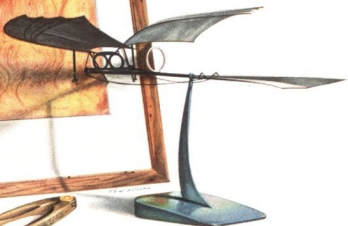
REUNION: at hotel in Ennis, Kerr meets an old friend when his Gaelic host demonstrates Irish hospitality with Canadian Club.





"There shall be wings! If the accomplishment be not for me, 'tis for some other."

LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519)
genius of the Renaissance, who wrote the first treatise on the mechanism of flight in 1505.



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